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RT. REV. C. P. MAES, 1846-1915

(From a Photograph Taken in 1910)

CHARACTER SKETCHES

OF THE

RT. REV. C. P. MAES, D. D.

LATE BISHOP OF COVINGTON, KY.

WRITTEN BY

THE SISTERS OF DIVINE PROVIDENCE

NEWPORT, KENTUCKY

WITH A PREFACE BY

CARDINAL GIBBONS

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Archbishop of Baltimore.

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PREFACE

When Camillus Paul Maes, third Bishop of Covington, passed away during the night of May 11, 1915, the Church of Kentucky lost one of its noblest sons and one of its most stalwart leaders. The Catholic University of America, in whose foundation few played a more important part than he, lost a friend whose place cannot easily be filled. His brethren of the Hierarchy of the United States lost a firm and warm supporter of all their efforts for the Church here and a splendid exemplar of the true Shepherd of Christ in the vineyard of America.

His death removed from the scene of Catholic endeavor a figure of more than ordinary worth and standing in the community. He was born at Courtrai, in Belgium, on March 13, 1846. On the morrow of his ordination, December 19, 1868, he courageously relinquished a promising ca-

reer in his own country in order to come to America, there to devote himself to the struggling missions of the Northwest. Our country was then in the beginning of its Reconstruction period, and when the story of that era comes to be written, the Diocese of Detroit, which he served as Chancellor at that time, will inscribe his name among the great Americans of that section of the land. He was consecrated Bishop of Covington on January 25, 1885; but during the preceding year it was my valued privilege to meet him at the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; though not yet consecrated, he was permitted by the Holy See to take an active part in its proceedings. No prelate present at that last memorable gathering of the American Hierarchy, evinced a deeper interest in the organization of ecclesiastical learning and discipline. His zeal for all things educational was not confined to his diocese. The Catholic University saw in him one of its most loyal helpers from the beginning,

and during the long years he served as Secretary to its Board of Trustees, he endeared himself to all his colleagues by his unfailing encouragement and his steadfast confidence in the future of that great institution. The American College of Louvain, his beloved Alma Mater of student days, will ever enshrine his memory among its most loyal friends. And the entire educational life of his own Diocese of Covington must always speak of his episcopate as the beginning of its important place in the Church of the Middle West.

All the splendid and sturdy traditions of his native land were so commingled with the vaster opportunites of his adopted home that these Sketches will be a mirror to the reader of all those ideals of spirituality and patriotism for which the life of Camillus Maes will ever be an exemplar.

J. Card Gibbons

Baltimore, October 26, 1916.

Character Sketches of Bishop Maes

I.

Biographical.

"Thou gavest him to us, O Lord! to be our joy, and Thou hast taken him away. We give him back to Thee without a murmur, but our hearts are wrung with sorrow."—(*St. Ephrem.*)

The death of Bishop Maes closed a life of strange beautifulness, a life of wonderful energy; stilled a heart that beat with tenderest compassion for every form of suffering and sympathized with every human aspiration, while it opened the gates of Eternal Life to a soul to whom "Jesus Christ yesterday, today, and the same forever" has always been the only joy, the only inspiration, the only love!

Camillus Paul Maes was born in the City of Courtrai, West Flanders, Belgium, of Justine Ghyhoot and John Baptist Maes, March 13, 1846. Within twelve hours after his

birth he was baptized and then borne to the Carmelite Convent to be enrolled in the scapular. The little one was a child of prayer, both father and mother being well advanced in years when, humanly speaking, all hope of offspring had long since been abandoned.

Examples of sterling piety both on the father's and the mother's side were not wanting. Two uncles on his mother's side were pious and distinguished priests, one of whom lived to an advanced age; while on the father's side, among others, we may mention an aunt who had become a Poor Clare. St. Camillus of Lellis had been but recently canonized, and in honor of the new Saint the happy parents named their little son.

This child, placed at his very birth under the Blessed Virgin's care, received a singular proof of her powerful protection. On one occasion, while waiting for the school bell, Camillus, with several of his compan-

ions, enjoyed a row on the river. The boat was close to the landing when the school bell rang; Camillus stepped from the boat just as his companions, deciding to take another turn, shoved out from the shore. The child fell into the river, and, unable to swim, was borne swiftly down stream. He was rescued by some workmen, his head above water, while the scapular of Mt. Carmel rested outside his jacket; he had probably grasped for it when he realized his danger. "I was about eight or nine years old when the incident occurred," wrote Bishop Maes in later years, "and my resolve is to wear the scapular, as the badge of my Blessed Mother, until the day of my death."

From his first entrance into the schools of his native city, Camillus gave evidence of the earnestness and firmness of character that marked his subsequent career. Even as a child he had an instinctive horror for trifling with anything that belonged to the service of God. To the great delight of

the altar boys, a bishop's mitre was once left in the sacristy, and they joyously seized the opportunity "to try it on;" but Camillus Maes took no part in their merriment. He was urged "to come on!" The reply of the future Bishop was, "I shall never put that on in fun." That indefinable seal wherewith God is wont to stamp those whom He reserves as His very own was discernible in the modest and pious behaviour of young Camillus when serving as altar boy.

His mother died when he was about eleven years old, but her work was well done. No one who ever heard Bishop Maes speak on the duties and responsibilities of "mother," or who has read his inimitable pastorals on the home life, can fail to realize what his mother's influence had been to him. His father had passed away some ten months before, and the orphaned child was taken to the home of an uncle, thenceforth to form one of the happy circle there.

On finishing his classical studies at Courtrai, Camillus Maes entered the Preparatory Seminary at Roulers to begin his preparation for the ecclesiastical state. While there his first attraction for Foreign Missions was aroused. An address by a visiting Bishop from the South Sea Islands so impressed him that he felt impelled to offer himself for the missions of the New World. He sought counsel of his reverend uncle, who told him to wait and pray, as so important a decision required maturer years. Later on, whilst at the Seminary, he found out that seven of his companions had been influenced by that same address; in the sequel, all were true to the inspiration, consecrating themselves to the Foreign Missions.

After celebrating his silver jubilee in 1867, Bishop Lefevre, of Detroit, went to Europe to seek aid for the large diocese over which he presided. He visited first the venerable Bishop of Bruges, laying be-

fore him the needs of his diocese, and pleaded for some students to work in the vineyard allotted to him, but he met with a firm refusal. With a heavy heart, the Bishop set out for France, hoping to meet with better success.

Scarcely has Bishop Lefevre left Bruges when messengers were despatched in all haste to recall him. The Bishop had been suddenly stricken; the time for Ordination was at hand, and, unable himself to administer the Sacrament of Holy Orders, he begged the American Bishop to do so in his stead.

Returning at once, Bishop Lefevre ordained the seminarians presented; he then demanded to see the sick Bishop. Admitted to that prelate's chamber, the Bishop said he had come to receive the pay due his services. "What compensation do you desire?" politely asked the sick man. "At least three seminarians," was the reply. Argument followed argument, but finally

Bishop Lefevre was obliged to be content with but one, with the privilege, however, of his choice. That his choice was already made was proved by his immediate answer, "Then I'll take Maes!"

From Bruges, Camillus Maes went to the American College at Louvain to complete his studies. He was ordained at Mechlin, December 19, 1868, and sang his First Mass at Notre Dame, Courtrai, December 21. The following May he came to America, going directly to Detroit. Bishop Lefevre had died in March. Presenting himself at the Cathedral, the young priest received an immediate appointment. The pastor at Mt. Clemens was very old and infirm; Father Maes was assigned to help him. There he remained until 1871, doing the work both of pastor and assistant. As the parish embraced many missions, the ardent young priest found ample field for the exercise of the burning zeal that actuated him. While there he built a fine school and

placed it under the direction of the Sisters Servants of the Immaculate Heart of Mary.

Father Maes was called to St. Mary's Parish, Monroe, in April, 1871, a French and English speaking congregation. The English-speaking part had their Mass in the early morning hours, the French had theirs later. This plan had its drawbacks, and very soon after his coming to Monroe, Father Maes was instructed to organize an English parish, the first in the city. The beautiful Church of St. John the Baptist, named after his father's patron, was begun in 1872 and completed the following year, with Father Maes as pastor. Years later, when Father Maes was no longer in Monroe, this church was almost totally destroyed by fire; so strongly attached to their first pastor were the parishioners that it was rebuilt along almost exactly the original plan; so it stands today.

The administration of Father Maes in Monroe was marked by great prudence and

energy. For seven years he labored there. "He was the friend of all, especially of the children, of whom he was very fond, and of the young men, whom he organized into a Catholic Union." His name remains a household word in Monroe, and to the end of his life, Monroe, its interests and its people were dear to Bishop Maes.

Always a close student and a tireless worker, it was during these years that he wrote "The Life of the Reverend Charles Nerinckx," the pioneer missionary priest of Kentucky, a work that took its place at once as "one of the most important historical contributions and of priceless value on the history of Kentucky."

March 13th, 1880, Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, appointed Father Maes secretary and chancellor of the diocese. One of the three names sent to Rome in 1882 as "worthy" of the See of Grand Rapids was that of Chancellor Maes. But God's time had not yet come!

II.

Characteristics of Bishop Maes.

At the Consistory held September, 1884, the Covington See, bereft of its spiritual head, Bishop Toebbe, since the preceding May, was filled by Pope Leo XIII, who appointed the zealous and scholarly Chancellor of Detroit as its new Bishop. Bishop Maes always liked to recall that at this same Consistory the new Bishop of Mantua was also proclaimed, he who in later years, under the title of Pius X, won the love of all Christendom.

Detroit was jubilant over the honor conferred on Father Maes, who was personally one of the most popular priests in the diocese, but it felt none the less keenly the sacrifice that that honor entailed. The parting gift of the clergy was a magnificent crosier. Seven feet in length, it is of solid

silver, heavily plated with gold, beautifully engraved, and set with topaz, ruby, garnet, amethyst and other jewels. The head is adorned with a carved image of the Blessed Virgin, her foot resting on the head of the serpent.

Qualified to take part in the proceedings of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore, which convened in November, 1884, Camillus Paul Maes was an ardent supporter of the proposed measure for the founding of a Catholic University for America. As a son of great Louvain, he was eminently able to gauge the importance of such an institution and to foresee its influence on both clergy and laity. Identified always with the cause of higher education and interested in the Catholic University movement from its very inception, Bishop Maes ranks as one of the chief promoters of that noble foundation. He retained the office of Secretary of its Executive Board from the day of its organization down to his death.

The death of the Administrator of the Covington Diocese in early January, 1885, brought the Bishop-elect to officiate at the obsequies. Archbishop Elder pronounced the funeral oration over the much-regretted Father Brandts; at its close, the Archbishop said in a low voice to the Bishop-elect, "Now is your time to speak to your people." Bishop Maes answered in the same tone, "I prefer to speak to the Covington people only after my consecration."

The date for that impressive ceremony was set for January 25th. Six priests of the diocese formed a clerical escort, going to Detroit, thence accompanying the Bishop-elect to his Episcopal city. Arriving in Cincinnati Friday evening, January 23rd, the Bishop was conveyed by carriage to Covington; the glad ringing of the church bells in Covington, Newport and the surrounding towns proclaimed to the people that their new Shepherd was in their midst.

The Bishop-elect was a striking figure. Tall, finely built, of florid complexion and with black curling hair, he was of the most modest and unassuming manners. Gifted with rare intellectual powers, his kindliness of heart and the charm of his conversation attracted more than passing attention. His excellent use of English was enhanced by a slightly foreign accent; he gesticulated moderately in conversation. Loved and appreciated as he was in Detroit, he did not come as a stranger among strangers to Kentucky. There awaited him here enthusiastic admiration and affection, a presage of that devoted loyalty that was to grow up around him through those thirty imperishable years when he wielded the crosier, symbol of the power of God Himself, over the Covington Diocese.

There in the old St. Mary's Cathedral, Sunday, January 25, 1885, he was consecrated Third Bishop of Covington. Archbishop Elder was the consecrating prelate,

assisted by Bishop Borgess, of Detroit, and Bishop McCloskey, of Louisville.

The diocese then numbered forty-two parishes; thirty-eight priests were attending to the spiritual needs of 38,000 Catholics. The extent of the diocese, the fewness of priests, the sore financial trials of the preceding years, had tended to narrow the sympathies of the people, centering their interest rather on their individual parish, while no special interest was manifest for the diocese as a whole.

The new Bishop set himself the task of eradicating that narrow spirit. He immediately took into hand the heavy diocesan debt which rested with such depressing weight upon his administration, and with the aid of experts was soon able to tell his people that this debt had been established on a business basis. Assuming two-fifths of the entire debt, which exceeded one hundred thousand dollars, the Bishop apportioned the remainder to the various parishes

of the diocese. As a rule, he met with cordial good-will and hearty co-operation on the part of both clergy and people. Year after year he gave them a detailed account of just what had been done to liquidate the debt. It was a long and weary struggle.

Within a year after his coming to Covington, the Bishop had begun planning the future St. Mary's Cathedral, though years were to elapse before it became a reality. He was so direct, so simple, so straightforward with everybody, he appealed so confidently for co-operation, that it was impossible not to succeed. His example, too, was compelling; he reminded his people that he "shoulders the burden with love in his heart for the living as well as for the dead, whose zeal for God's glory led them to plan great things which the times did not favor"; therefore, he begged all "to avoid the use of recriminations which the cause of the acts may recall to their minds." (1)

(1) Pastoral Letter on the Diocesan Debt, September 21, 1887.

"He was soon established among his priests as personally the gentlest and strongest and closest friend of every one of them, quick to suggest and stimulate their plans and enterprises, resourceful and accessible and patient—a bishop approaching the ideal both with clergy and people." (2)

The first opportunity for giving public expression of affection and devotion for their Bishop was afforded the clergy and laity at the silver jubilee of his priesthood, December 19, 1893. A notable gathering of bishops and priests participated in the impressive ceremonies in the Cathedral, and later at a reception and banquet, where the priests and people vied with each other in manifesting their attachment to their beloved Father.

The episcopate of Bishop Maes was filled with good works, noble undertakings; it contains a record of saintly and persistent effort to uplift his people and to bring some

(2) Father Elliot, C. S. P., in "The Missionary," August, 1915.

increase of human happiness all around him. He was eager that God be given a definite place in every life, and in all of its phases. "Give God a share in your life, in your happiness," he pleaded from altar, pulpit and platform. "Give Him a share in your joys, and He will take a share in your sorrows." Prominently, but most unassumingly, Bishop Maes took part in all the great movements of those three decades of his episcopate; religious, economic, social civic, educational; in federations, in the Catholic press, but pre-eminently was he associated with everything that had to do with the spiritual life of the people.

At one time we see him in conference with the civil powers, advocating restrictive measures for ensuring a higher morality; at another, by words of calm moderation, quelling the mutterings of unlawful proceedings against defamers of religion; we see him ardently interested in educational movements, and in the social and re-

ligious organizations of the country; we know that his gifted pen was never idle, that he was an inspiration to the priests of our country through articles contributed to ecclesiastical publications, that the Hierarchy of the United States had an able, scholarly and saintly member in the Bishop of Covington.

The cornerstone of the new St. Mary's Cathedral was laid September 8, 1895, amid the rejoicings of the whole diocese. The splendid edifice was solemnly dedicated January 27, 1901. The services began at nine o'clock, Archbishop Elder officiating, while Bishop Maes pontificated at the Mass which followed. At no previous church function in the City of Covington had there been so distinguished and numerous an assemblage of Church divines, a fact which bore witness to the esteem and appreciation in which the American Hierarchy held Covington's great-hearted Bishop. John Lancaster Spalding, Bishop of Peoria, de-

livered the sermon. He made clear the argument that only one thing can transform the world—life, personal life; only one thing can elevate humanity—divine love, and closed with a noble tribute to Bishop Maes, whose labors were so constantly directed to the welfare of his fellow-men.

That day was one of the happiest of the Bishop's life. When the grand procession entered the Cathedral, he never appeared more majestic, more truly a bishop; but he was exceedingly pale. Later, this fact was remarked to him; with emotion the Bishop replied: "As I walked down the aisle and saw the white marble steps of the sanctuary, I felt I was at the gate of Heaven."

We have seen him when he came as Bishop-elect; saw the noble presence, the alert bearing, the kindly eyes; heard the strong but gentle voice that even from the first spoke so often and so lovingly of "our dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament." We have heard his prudent words when danger

threatened, his words of courage when hope seemed dead; words of fiery eloquence in defense of religious or civic principles; have seen him always true to his motto, "Crux mihi dux"—the Cross is my leader—following bravely and cheerfully wherever duty beckoned, wherever glory might accrue "to our Blessed Lord God."

And as the years went on, we saw the black, curling hair turn white; the burden of life and the cross of ill-health leave an impress upon him that made him all the more venerable, all the more venerated, all the more deeply loved, but never did we hear him complain, never was he known to despond. While the cares, the anxieties, the labors, "the solicitude for all the churches," rained upon him and bore him down, he still met everyone with that wonderful patience, that unalterable sweetness and serenity that was his own distinctive characteristic. And year by year, he grew deeper and deeper into our hearts—the hearts of his priests and his people.

The silver jubilee of his Episcopacy, June 29th, 1910, when the City of Covington, together with the members of his flock, combined to offer him the tribute of their affection, admiration and esteem, was the occasion of the greatest demonstration ever paid to one man in that city. The Bishop was ill then, but that day was a revelation to him—a sweet and beautiful revelation to him—of the hearts of his people and his fellow-citizens, and it gave him new strength on the way which was growing into a toilsome way.

Then a brief five years, and he was gone! God called him almost suddenly, and so prompt was his reply to that summons, that he had gone forever, scarce were we aware there was cause for alarm.

May he in heaven's peaceful realms enjoy the fruit of his labors and toils. There, from the Master, may he obtain for us the strength that for us, likewise, "crux sit nobis dux"—the cross be our leader.

III.

The Bishop and the Eucharistic League.

"The Holy Eucharist is the *raison d'être* of the priesthood. The priesthood is the organism whence proceeds all the functions of life of the mystical body of Christ. Christ is the Life of the world, but without the priest that Life cannot be communicated to it. Take away the Holy Eucharist, and the priesthood disappears—altar, churches, all disappear.

"The Holy Eucharist is in the keeping of the priest. Who that has a treasure confided to him leaves it unguarded? Who that has the life of a friend dependent on him will carelessly expose it to the deadly assaults of the enemy?"

Thus spoke Bishop Maes in the opening sermon of the First Eucharistic Conference in the United States.

The Holy Eucharist is the central point of the Catholic Faith. We know that for five centuries at least there was but little need to urge devotion to the Divine Sacrament. Daily Mass and daily Communion were the well-nigh universal practice of the faithful. But the ninth and succeeding centuries saw the diminution of this pristine fervor; barbarian invasions, the crusades, the rise of commercialism hampered the manifestations of the spirit of faith.

Gone were the days of the Infant Church, when the Mass and Holy Communion were the daily support and food of souls! The turmoil of the world, the pride of life, the mad desire for pleasure had alienated the mind of man from its true center, and time and the things of time had usurped God's place in the hearts of His people. The legislation of the Church had to be invoked to constrain men to receive the Sacrament once a year.

Then came the religious revolt of the sixteenth century, the rising tide of human restlessness and sin. The nineteenth century, with its cold intellectualism, its materialistic temper, its hatred of dogma, served only to widen and deepen the breach between man and his God. Then it was that God, who broods always over His creation, raised up "the modern apostle of the Eucharist," the Venerable Father Eymard, causing him to know that in the Holy Eucharist lies the remedy for the world's ills.

With the eyes of a saint, Father Eymard saw that reawakened faith and active love for the Eucharistic King would lead mankind back to its old allegiance and loyalty, and inspired by God, he founded that greatest of spiritual forces of modern times, "The Eucharistic League for Priests," which binds in close fraternal union the flower of earth's manhood with Jesus Christ. To France, to Pere Eymard, belongs the glory of the foundation, but Ken-

tucky claims a legitimate share in the glory, for Bishop Maes was the founder of the Priests' Eucharistic League of America.

This work, which so endeared the Bishop to the priesthood of the United States, though well known in Europe, was, comparatively speaking, but little known here prior to 1891. The "Associatio Adoratorum" had come to the knowledge of some bishops and priests, but it was only when the Reverend Bede Maler, O. S. B., of Indiana, became Director-General in the United States that it successfully attracted the attention of the priests and bishops of every diocese.

Father Maler realized that for a work of this nature the co-operation of the hierarchy was not only most desirable, but actually necessary. To the good Bishop of Covington he turned for inspiration and support. On the feast of St. Thomas Aquinas, "the Poet of the Eucharist," March 7th, 1894, the Bishop met in conference at

his house five priests, one of whom was Father Maler. There and then was "The Priests' Eucharistic League of America" formally founded. The following August the first General Conference of the League met at Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana.

Bishop Maes presided at this conference and delivered the opening address, taking the words of St. Peter at the Transfiguration for his text: "Lord, it is good for us to be here" (St. Matthew, xvii, 4). This note of spiritual exultation runs through the whole discourse, which was an appeal to the priests to go "up to the holy mount where Jesus Himself labors always for souls; that in response to His touch who 'had come to cast fire upon the earth and who wills that it be kindled,' their hearts have been tipped with fire, and fiery arrows will soon dart forth to transfix the souls of the thousands who camp around the Mountain of God and keep their eyes strained to see the glory of the Almighty."

Thoroughly convinced that the attention and prominence that the priest gives to our "Hidden God and Saviour" must awaken a ready response in the people, the Bishop's thoughts embraced the laity in this homage to the Eucharistic King. Events justified his faith, for in a few years the People's League was organized, and remains one of the most solidly established, as it is one of the most consoling features of Catholic life in our country.

A year later, October, 1895, the First Eucharistic Congress of the United States convened at Washington, D. C. About two hundred and fifty priests were present. At the various sessions a rapt attention, an ever-increasing enthusiasm was strikingly noticeable. Bishop Maes was presiding officer, and his simple and affectionate exposition of various points, his devoted and untiring interest in all matters won the heartfelt loyalty of the delegates.

At the close of the sessions, the Very Reverend E. A. Bush, of Pittsburgh, gave expression to the wishes of the assembly in conferring on the Bishop the title of "Protector of the Priests' Eucharistic League of America." Using the phraseology of St. John, the reverend speaker addressed the Bishop as "the Angel of Covington," which left an impression on the Bishop's mind that never faded. This beautiful title of Protector of the League the Bishop enjoyed to the end of his life. Father Bush spoke in the following terms:

"To me has been given by the Directors of the League the very great honor of tendering the congratulations on the success of this Congress, as well as of the opening one at Notre Dame, on the marvelous progress our League has made within so short a time, and the yet more marvelous effect it has had and still must have on the hearts of so many associates, to the Venerable Angel of Covington, Right Reverend Bishop Maes.

We of the Diocesan Direction gladly make our own the suggestion of the General Director, and looking about to find some means whereby to show our heartfelt thanks, appreciation and esteem for the great services, Right Reverend Bishop, you have done for religion by the promptness with which you welcomed, and the earnestness with which you fulfilled the work of fostering and guiding and establishing the association on the sound basis on which it so proudly stands today, we have found that in other countries a token of such sentiments has been discovered. Distinguished prelates in other lands have received this token from other congresses, but we feel sure that to no one has it been given for greater reasons and from hearts larger and fuller of affectionate gratitude.

"We beg you, then, Right Reverend Father in God, to honor us and bind yourself by word as well as by action to the association in America by taking from us,

in the spirit in which we tender it, the well-earned, lovingly given title of 'Protector of the Eucharistic League of Priests of America.' "

Bishop Maes loved his priests, loved all priests; his soul yearned over them with even a mother's tenderness. He could say with the beloved Disciple: "I have no greater grace than this—to hear that my children walk in truth;" hence, he never wearied of inciting them both by word and example to devotion for the Most Holy Eucharist. For a number of years he reserved to himself the editing of the official organ of the League, "Emmanuel," taking up with his cheerful alacrity this important work, though already burdened by the exacting demands of his own great office. He counted no labor, considered no sacrifice of himself where there was question of honoring Christ in the souls of others, and especially in the Sacrament of Love.

A notable celebration of an anniversary of the People's Eucharistic League was observed in New York in 1898. There at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Bishop Maes delivered an inspiring address, which closed with loving words for all priests.

"What keeps the priestly heart proof against the seductions of a corrupting world? What enables him to deal with every misery and every loathsome disease of the soul without being scorched by its polluting fire? Is it not daily Communion, intimate life with Jesus Christ? Heart to heart, love and life with the God of the Eucharist, who abides within him and enables him to be another Christ to a soul without faith and love, in the midst of the egoistic tendencies of a generation without noble aspirations or desires for eternal life.

"O! priests of the Immaculate Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, follow the Lamb wheresoever He goeth! Follow His weary footsteps to the haunts of

crime and sin; sacrifice yourself daily as He did; follow Him to Calvary, to the very death of the Cross; immolate yourself with the Eucharistic Victim who lives for us in the Tabernacle upon the altar, and the generous mystery of your angelic life will be crowned with the virgin glory of the unveiled Christ in the mansions of eternal glory!"

Bishop Maes was present at various International Eucharistic Congresses — at Metz, Montreal, Vienna and Lourdes. Of these we shall speak again.

IV.

The Bishop as Director and Friend.

There died in Rome, July 14, 1614, an old man who had long been a familiar figure in the city—a touching figure: tall and slightly stooped, of olive complexion, and iron-gray hair, a painful wound on his leg obliging him to carry a staff, as going hither and thither he sought out the forlorn sick and the dying to bring relief both to body and soul. This was St. Camillus of Lellis.

A patient in the hospitals of Rome, Camillus' attention to the sick was arrested by the indifference of the nurses; he offered himself as an attendant, and his services being accepted, he was joined by several young men of a like charitable and zealous spirit. At first their labors were chiefly directed towards solacing the physical sufferings of their patients, but the carelessness of the chaplains in regard to the spir-

itual needs of the dying, inspired Camillus to become a priest, that he might be of greater aid to the unfortunate. Ordained in 1584, two years later he founded the Congregation of the Clerks Regular Ministers of the Sick, vowed exclusively to the service of the suffering; a fourth vow was added to their religious profession, that of caring for men sick of pestilential diseases.

Camillus, of passionate and reckless youth, of kindly and compassionate maturity, became, with the passing of years, a loving, saint-like soul, who saw in every sick man, no matter how repulsive his malady, the image of Jesus crucified. The bull of his canonization attests that he cared for the sick with all of a mother's tenderness. Nothing was too little in his eyes if it brought any alleviation, any little gratification to the sick. He was known to have gone to the hospital, during the night, at a considerable distance from his convent, and in a torrential rain to give an egg to a sick

man, because he knew if he did not do so no one else would think of it.

He listened with flowing tears to the wretched stories of sin and sorrow told him by the sick and dying, and won them back to God and God's grace by the kindly human sympathy he showed for them. St. Philip Neri saw angels whispering to him as he consoled the dying! He was assiduous in his attention to the children in the hospital, taking them into his arms to caress them and holding them as he fed them, desiring that some little joy might fall on their neglected childhood, for he knew that the after years would bring to them a surfeit of cares.

His was a slow martyrdom in the constant service of the sick, without time to care for that painful wound or the other diseases that wasted his worn body. No wonder, when he lay dead, priests, as they kissed his hands, were heard to say: "Oh, blessed hands, encrusted with charity!"

The love of God, which overflowed—nay, which found vent in his love for souls; his power of reading the souls of his penitents and of the dying; the gift of prophecy; the miracles he worked as he lived and labored in the great Roman hospital; his patience under lifelong suffering, his tender devotion to the Most Blessed Sacrament, made him loved and venerated through all Rome, causing the unhappy and the miserable to follow him, that "the shadow of Father Camillus might fall upon them and ease their sorrows!"

From his first coming among us, charity was also a prominent characteristic of Camillus Paul Maes. He had that rare endowment of knowing how to take people on their own merits; he had no fixed standard to which all must measure up in order to be the recipients of his paternal affection and regard. In each he saw the soul made to the image of God—a soul sometimes in bondage to material things, or to its own

weakness; sometimes a soul wholly blind to its destiny; souls, again, in various stages of development, aspiring at least in some degree to achieve the end of their creation; or, haply, souls whose aim was fixed, but who needed direction in their upward flight. But in all, he saw the image of God, and every one was correspondingly dear to him. All his efforts were bent on directing them heavenward, to teaching them "how good and pleasant a thing it is to know and love God."

His was that special gift we call sympathy; it enabled him to enter into the very spirit of others, to reach out at all times a helping hand. In times of distress, no words of comfort were more soothing than his; in seasons of sunshine and joy, no congratulations rang truer; in difficulty and doubt, no encouragement so inspiring.

It has been said by someone that there are those whose consolation is so tender and wholesome that it is good to be in affliction

so as to be comforted by them. In an eminent degree these words are true of Bishop Maes. When he first came to Kentucky, it is scarcely an exaggeration to say that the burden-bearer forgot to grieve, while those who saw trouble in prospect rejoiced that they might lay their sorrows and difficulties before the good Bishop to receive counsel and solace. Established as the father and friend of all, he was at home to all; he never refused access to anyone. His memory of faces and personalities was a gift that did him excellent service; he never confused identities. Each individual soul, with its own distinctive history, its trials, its hopes, its disappointments, its weaknesses, its achievements, was distinctly present to his mind, and he could take up the thread of a narrative, often after the lapse of some time, just where it had been broken off at some previous interview. The good he was able to do for souls by this gift is incalculable.

For the young, the growing soul, the Bishop's interest was the keenest and kindliest imaginable. He entered fully into their youthful dreams and hopes, his very interest stimulating their endeavors while it tempered them in the way of looking to God for approval and blessing: so he taught them to pray. Then when youthful dreams faded, or hopes and endeavors were defeated, these young people found they had built a very tower of strength by their dependence on God; and discouragement, which dogs the steps of the young, had no power over them.

The tears of childhood were grievous to Bishop Maes; little children were the special objects of his fatherly affection. He wished the little ones to be happy, that the earliest impressions given to their plastic mind be associated with the goodness, the love of God, and he was ingenious in presenting these views to their young intelligence. It was rare, indeed, when, with

children, that he did not speak of home, of father and mother. "Grow in respect, love and obedience for father and mother," he would say. "Father and mother live for you; all their ambition is to see you happy. This is unselfish love, a type of the love of Jesus Christ. As you grow older and more reasonable you will see what father and mother are to you, and then you must try to make them as happy as you can. Well, do the same for God! Obey Almighty God; obey His commandments; never offend Him."

Annually at Christmastide he laid aside his heavy duties and went to add to the happiness of the children in the orphanages and other institutions where children's day was specially observed; and not only did he gladden them by his presence, but he gave to each child the souvenir of the day with a cheery word and calling each by name. He enjoyed every moment of the time. Even in later years, when the continuing of this cus-

tom must have been a real strain upon him, he would never disappoint the children if he were at all able to be present among them.

When the boys and girls of the earlier years were grown to manhood and womanhood, they turned instinctively to their Right Reverend Bishop and friend for counsel and direction when things were difficult. How he met and dealt with young people is shown admirably by the case we cite:

One of the children of the earlier years, grown to woman's estate, just when her plans and hopes for a happy wedded life seemed realized, found suddenly her dream faded, her ideal wrecked. In deep affliction, she confided her disappointment to a friend, who, powerless to console her, advised her to call on the Bishop, assuring her she would find consolation. The lady demurred; the Bishop must long ago have forgotten her; besides, how could be possibly

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take interest in a weary old story of every-day life? She was urged to go and see.

The lady called on the Bishop and was received in his own kindly way; he had not forgotten her. In a few moments she was pouring out the story of her grief, forgetful of all save the fatherly sympathy of her listener. Suddenly she checked herself: "O Bishop!" she said, "how selfish I am, how thoughtless! Here I am taking your precious time, detaining you with all this. It must seem very little to you!"

The Bishop asked, "Is it little to you, child?" He was answered by a burst of heartfelt tears: "No, no," she replied, "it is my very life." "And for that reason, it is everything to me," was the gentle and compassionate answer.

On seeing her friend again, the lady told of her visit to the Bishop. "Why," she said, "I had thought him an aristocrat, and he is only a father!"

So his people knew him—knew he was always ready to receive them, no matter what their perplexity. They knew him through his pastoral letters, so full of solicitude for their well-being; they knew him through the Divine Tribunal where, in spite of the manifold duties of his office, the constant demands upon his time, he was always to be found in the arduous and weary work of confessor, just as any humble priest; ready to assist the erring, to strengthen the faltering, to warn the careless—always ready to help the poor sinner back to the merciful arms of God.

The biographer of St. Philip Neri sketches the saint in the capacity of confessor; with all reverence, we dare take that description, word for word, and apply it to our Bishop Maes as confessor and director of souls:

"He knew how to act as judge, teacher and physician of souls, but his great delight was to feel himself, and to be felt by others,

a father. Only to see him in the confessional diffused through the heart a mysterious and ineffable consolation. As confessor he was irresistible. There was that about him that compelled all who came near him to love him, and in very truth, to love him was to be drawn mightily towards God."

And if the years brought any change, it was only the widening, the deepening, the sweetening of that fund of inexhaustible tenderness, that limitless sympathy which was so remarked in the earlier years—the charity that grew out of the faithful study of the Heart of Christ Himself.

V.

Bishop Maes as Confessor.

The following chapter has been written by one who for many years was under the spiritual direction of the late Right Reverend Bishop Maes. So well does it show a keen insight into the most secret motives of the Bishop as confessor, and so beautifully are these expressed that we gladly give it as originally written.

"We have heard it said that any priest is a confessor, but that spiritual directors are rare. Perhaps this is in God's providence, because the numerous other imperative and harassing duties of a priest's life preclude the possibility of his being scarcely anything more than an impersonal channel of divine mercy to the many whose confessions he must hear; and, again, as St. Paul says, every man has his different gift, according to the grace that is given him. Now

though our Bishop strove in all things to be like unto Christ, yet it is our belief that as a director of souls he most closely approached the ideal set by Him whose immense love made Him the friend of sinners.

"On all the days set apart for the hearing of confessions in his cathedral, early and late, until within a week of his death, the confessional reserved for the Bishop was always surrounded by the faithful of all ages and conditions, and no one came out of that sacred tribunal who was not filled with a new courage and hope. The confession of sins is, no doubt, part of the penance due for them, but the telling of one's miseries to the great-hearted Bishop was rather a blessed relief than a penance. His attention to every pitiful tale was so close and patient, his gentle encouragement to the timid or troubled conscience so reassuring, his sympathy for the sorely tempted or grievously wounded soul so broad and deep, that the penitent unconsciously made a more vitally

sincere avowal of all his guilt than he had ever done before. The insight and sympathy born of the confessor's own great sanctity and zeal, acted like a searchlight on the secret places of the penitent's soul, revealing to himself all his hitherto unrecognized weaknesses and dangers.

"Because of the various moods, physical and mental, to which human nature is subject, it is not easy for the average person to have himself always in readiness, or even willingness, to derive the fullest benefit from his religious acts, and many a time he feels like a mere automaton, or a soulless creature of habit and routine, and he has misgivings and depressions over his lack of devotion in the performance of his most sacred duties. This is possibly an experience of not a few souls in the matter of sacramental confession; and they are the ones who secretly bless God when they fall into the hands of a confessor who rouses them from their apathy, who comprehends their

misgivings, who stimulates their faith, and who impresses deeply upon their intelligence the sacredness and supreme worth of the sacrament. The Bishop was just this kind of ideal confessor, for to this *alter Christus* any soul was more interesting than all the lore of the world; it was more precious than all the wealth of the earth; to gain it for God was a nobler ambition than to gain a universe. Was not every soul bought at the infinite price of the Precious Blood? That was his standard, that was the price he set on a soul; and not its native attractiveness, or its inherent nobility even, or its lack of these gifts and graces, made much difference to his estimate of its individual worth. It was God's own, created and redeemed in an excess of love, and it must not now slip away forever from its Creator's embrace. No, not if he could prevent it! And a sense of joy and triumph, akin to that which is felt in heaven over one sinner's doing penance, must often have been

his, when he saw the sinner's heart touched by the grace of repentance, when it was his privilege to pronounce over that rescued soul the restoring 'Ego te absolvo.' It was his way to utter these words of absolution with a solemn deliberateness and reverence, even as if he saw with bodily eyes the Precious Blood dropping from his uplifted hand upon the happy soul.

"To the souls that through God's sweet providence came under the special guidance of the Bishop he was a continual revelation of the infinite goodness and tenderness of God. His first step in their training was to lead them to realize that absolute sincerity and consistency with God and themselves was the foundation of all religious and spiritual character, and that through the knowledge and humble acknowledgment of all their weaknesses and failings they would be brought to the peace that passeth all understanding. He made them feel that true humility was nothing more than the knowl-

edge of themselves as they were in God's sight, and that no one ever came to salvation by any other road. 'Your humility will be your salvation,' he said. But while he insisted on this complete and simple humility in the making of a confession, no one was ever more keenly sensitive to the pain it cost the poor soul to lay bare, even before his compassionate gaze, its most hidden wounds; and with a delicate sympathy he would lead that soul to see for itself all the meanness and the hideousness of its sin, to the end that through the knowledge of its own weakness it might come at last to realize its infinite need of God. While he had a saint's horror of even the shadow of sin, the blackest abyss of evil only brought into more radiant relief his faith in the limitless mercy of God. He looked beyond the wastes of human sinning to the boundless ocean of grace won for fallen man by the merits of Jesus Christ.

"One of the Bishop's characteristics was a brave hopefulness, and this he communicated to his penitents. Why need one despair, why grow discouraged even, though the world, the flesh and the devils raged and contended for his soul, so long as one could lift his heart in a throb of sorrow and love to his ever-pitying Saviour? To the Bishop, so long as there was life there was hope; and even farther than hope stretched the divine forgiveness. With such a Saviour ever holding out this gift, who could feel it hard to pay the pitifully easy price of humble confession, or resist the impulse to cast himself at the divine feet and with burning sorrow beg for pardon and strength to sin no more? Instead of looking at confession as something to rebel against, or even to shrink from, it was to the Bishop ever a something to marvel over in happy thankfulness.

"With this insistence on humility and dependence on the infinite Goodness, the

Bishop was ever holding up before his penitents' souls new and higher ideals in the service of God. He would not let them remain stationary; with him, not to go forward, meant literally to go backward, and so his standard was not an easy one to reach. There must be no rest, no halting in the progress upward; no self-complacency, but a peaceful yet deep-seated discontent with all past achievement. His cry was always more, more for Him who "emptied Himself for us," whom we could never even begin to love as we should. But everything must be done through love—sin forsaken, temptations bravely overcome, hard things borne, virtues cultivated; and his blessed privilege was to help in this work. He labored as hard to develop virtues in his penitents' souls as he did to kill their habits of sin, and with a father's pride and delight he watched and guided the beautiful development. How easy for the flowers of humility and purity, and charity and brotherly love, and

meekness and piety, to thrive under the sunshine of such encouragement and appreciation! Quietly, painlessly, out of the noise and glare of earthly allurements and interests, into the dawning light of God, a step at a time out of the pleasant paths of sin and indifference, up the bare, stony heights of self-denial and sacrifice, this gentle Father-confessor led, cheering and encouraging the half-dreaming traveler along the way, leading him by the hand as a tender mother leads her child, until he had him safe on the summit of God's love, thrilling with the joy of being altogether His own! 'I want your soul for God! I want you to be God's own!' he would say in a way that worked a perfect revolution in his hearer's soul and made his heart throb with the same beautiful yearning.

"It must not be imagined that such marvelous helpfulness and guidance made the Bishop's penitents dependent; the exact opposite was the result. Never did he take to

himself any glory or credit, but referred it all to the workings of Divine grace. He was there only to help, to be used, to be sacrificed if need be, to be all things to all men, that they might all be brought to Christ. 'God has given you one who will help you,' he would say, 'respond to His love.' And when he saw even the slightest response to that Divine love he would rejoice, and not hesitate to bestow the sweet reward of his expressed appreciation. That every soul must in the end walk alone before God, no one knew better than he; and he made this truth pass into a sensible conviction in the hearts of his spiritual children by his unceasing insistence on the necessity of prayer and dependence on God. If one hinted to him that *his* help was absolutely necessary for spiritual progress, he made haste to assure that one that God's grace and the soul's generous response were all that was necessary, and that should God see fit to call him

away, there would be more merit for that soul in 'walking alone.'

"Walking alone? Humanly speaking, yes, they walk alone now who once called Bishop Maes their spiritual father; yet because in the mercy of God he walked with them here a little space, may they not now dare to hope, and to firmly believe, that because of his loving guidance, they are now farther along on the journey that ends in eternal life? 'You are coming into the light of God,' were words he often used to utter, and their beautiful echo now is a perpetual inspiration and assurance to his bereaved spiritual children."

VI.

The Bishop as a Missionary.

Speaking of the glorious past of Catholicity in Kentucky, of the days when Father Badin and Father Nerinckx took up their humble home together in Marion county, so that they might work with more harmony and system for the general good of the widely scattered missions, Bishop Maes says in his "Life of Father Nerinckx," that from that abode "shone forth the supernatural light of faith which was to illuminate the whole Northwest. From here flowed all the spiritual graces which, in as many years as it took centuries in the Old World, worked miracles in the hearts of men, and made of 'the dark and bloody ground' the most lovely region of the New World." So considerable, indeed, was the progress of the Church in Western Kentucky that an Episcopal See was erected, embracing the

entire State; the eastern part, however, did not advance with equal strides. We shall let Bishop Maes give us the historical setting for the Second See of Kentucky.

"On the 29th day of July, 1903, it was fifty years since Pius IX, of glorious memory, raised the City of Covington to the dignity of an Episcopal See.

"Forty-five years had elapsed since Pius VII, at the wise suggestion of the patriotic Archbishop Carroll, had selected Bardstown as the first diocese of the West. Erected in April, 1808, it was contemporaneous with the great Dioceses of New York, Philadelphia and Boston.

"Men of sturdy character, conspicuous for virtue and self-sacrifice, had taken up the missionary work of the newly organized diocese under the efficient and enlightened leadership of the saintly Bishop Flaget. The Catholic faith grew apace not only by immigration in the north, but by conspicuous conversions to the Church, and so many

new dioceses became necessary that before the See of Bardstown was transferred to Louisville in 1841, the venerable Bishop Flaget was acclaimed the Patriarch of the West.

"With Kentucky the only territory of the Louisville Diocese, the eastern part of the State became conspicuous for the ability, learning and devotion to duty of the men to whose priestly care its few churches had been confided. White Sulphur, the first organized congregation of that jurisdiction, rejoiced in the intelligent administration of a Kenrick who, in later years, graced the Metropolitan See of Baltimore with so much holiness and learning; of a Reynolds, destined to become the successor of the great Bishop England, of Charleston, whose dignified manners hid the tenderest heart. Lexington was growing into an important center of religious life under the sturdy guidance of the Reverend John McGill, the intellectual Bishop of Richmond, who left

his lasting impress on Virginia. One and all had kept up the traditions of the Flagets, the Badins, the Davids and Nerinckx, which were perpetuated in the See of Louisville by the genial and learned Bishop Martin John Spalding.

"No greater proof of the zeal and self-denial of the Bishops who ruled the destinies of the Catholic Church in America, and of the far-seeing wisdom of the Popes of Rome could be asked for, than the ever-increasing erection of Episcopal Sees.

"When in July, 1853, the eastern portion of Kentucky was erected into the new Diocese of Covington, the act might have appeared as a foolhardy attempt. Covington itself had only two churches; Newport's only congregation was that of Corpus Christi. These three parishes had hitherto been subject to the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Cincinnati, owing to the proximity of that city to what were considered suburbs of the Metropolitan See. Only

four priests were stationed within the vast area of Eastern Kentucky, hitherto subject to the Louisville jurisdiction."

In picturesque beauty and in natural resources, the new diocese was rich; in all else, abjectly poor. Within its limits are the famed mountain regions of the State, which have helped Kentucky to perpetuate her claim as "dark and bloody ground." With the few priests at his command, Bishop Carrell could do nothing for this part of his diocese. The spiritual needs of those of the Household of the Faith were, naturally, first to be reckoned with. Bishop Maes has thus characterized Bishop Carrell's work:

"His was pioneer work; to bring into a diocesan unity the few and scattered priests and people who had belonged to two different dioceses was a great task, as there were only thirteen churches, seven priests and seven thousand souls. When Bishop Carrell died he left thirty-eight churches,

thirty priests and a Catholic population of twenty-five thousand, eloquent evidences of the great work of his apostolic zeal."

Bishop Toebbe's administration, as Webb has well said, "was literally crowded with trials; this good Bishop was confronted at the very beginning of his administration by a specter of debt that was sufficiently appalling to his sensitive soul" (1); but his labors for the upbuilding of the diocese were as energetic as they were heroic. Bishop Maes says: "At Bishop Toebbe's death there were but few parishes without schools, and they had grown to the number of forty-two, and thirty-eight priests were attending to the spiritual needs of thirty-eight thousand Catholics—a noble monument to Bishop Toebbe's pastoral zeal." But with all the zeal that was his, Bishop Toebbe could not go to the aid of the mountain section.

(1) The Centenary of Catholicity in Kentucky, by Ben. J. Webb, pages 532-533.

It was reserved to Covington's third Bishop to inaugurate the mountain apostolate. The Bishop himself had done real missionary work while in Michigan; he had known all the sacrifices attendant on the care of widely scattered stations; had slept in the open many a time, his horse beside him, the saddle his pillow; had known that exaltation that comes to the priest of God when souls that have for a lifetime resisted Divine Grace, and lived in defiance to God's laws, yield at last, heroically, break with a sin-stained past and turn with all their heart to retrieve an ill-spent life; or when souls who have been sitting "in darkness and in the shadow of death," with gladness and rejoicing, turn to Him who is the Light of the World.

To no one was Kentucky's history better known than to Bishop Maes. He had had access to all the manuscripts of the earlier times, to the annals of the pioneer period; he had visited the State and conferred per-

sonally with those who had known Bishops Flaget and Davids, Fathers Badin and Nerinckx, and long before the Crosier was put in his hands and the Diocese of Covington confided to him, Kentucky, her people, her missions, her hopes, were dear to his heart.

From the beginning of his episcopate his eyes were directed to the forlorn strip that has been a fruitful source of shame to the Commonwealth. He never asked his priests to do or to dare where he himself did not lead. He visited the mountain section, gave lectures at various times, his whole-souled and unmistakable interest in the people winning their affectionate regard and esteem. It was pleasant to hear him tell amusing incidents of those early years when he visited the mountain towns and by personal effort tried to prepare the way for future missionary work.

As a general thing, but few Catholics were to be found, but the non-Catholics were always eager to attend the Bishop's lectures.

On one occasion the house where Mass was said was too small to acommodate the worshipers; the men, accordingly, congregated outside around a window which commanded a clear view of the altar. As the Mass proceeded the Bishop heard various exclamations expressive of surprise, admiration, wonder. The Mass over, one of the men said: "I'll bet you can't do it again!" By quietly drawing him out, the Bishop learned that the cause of the suppressed excitement and the prophecy that "he couldn't do it again," referred to the frequent sign of the cross made over the Sacred Oblation.

At another time the Bishop was expected in a mountain town to lecture, the subject being announced in advance. Men and women flocked to the courthouse to hear him, Bible under arm. The subject was, "The True Church of God." Never was there a more attentive audience. After talking about an hour and a half, the Bishop made some remark to the effect that he

would not tire them longer; he was answered by acclaim: "No, Mister, go on." The Bishop went on; their earnestness inspired him, and he spoke for upwards of three hours, and when he closed they told him sincerely they were "moughty" sorry it was finished.

To use his own expressive words, he "dreamed of doing quietly and without ostentation great work for souls in Kentucky," and for some years the missionary project he had so warmly at heart loomed bright. The Benedictine Fathers took up work in this section and have done much good among the people. Then came the period of discovery of the natural resources of the region, the opening of railroad communications, all of which promised fair for the future. The Bishop told his people how matters were progressing in his pastoral letter of 1903.

"Within the last two years five new resident priests have been appointed and an en-

tirely new field of missionary work has been opened. Railroads are being built to the very heart of what has been known as the wildest mountain district in the United States. Oil, and especially coal, are found in abundance within an area of about a hundred miles square, and as a result many skilled laborers are settling in that region. With headquarters at Beattyville, Lee county, a resident priest has been doing yeoman's work, and the influence of his teaching is reaching the non-Catholic population and interesting them to a remarkable degree. Unspoiled by the material features of present-day civilization, bigoted only because ignorant circuit-riders have spent their time in slandering the Church of Christ, instead of preaching God's doctrine, they are withal very religious and remarkably honest. Above all, their faith in the Bible as the inspired Word of God is unshaken, and with such solid Christian foundations to build on, the priests who sacrifice them-

selves and go among them lecturing and instructing, meet with very gratifying success. Forty-five adults are ready to be confirmed this autumn, and we deem it necessary to locate one more priest in that district to do justice to the work."

By dint of sacrifice, a few priests were taken to form a diocesan missionary band. A mission house was opened at Richmond, that town being well located for quick and easy access to the mountain district. The work began.

God Himself plants that insatiable zeal in some hearts, and makes them inspirers of good to others; but He seems to will that beyond their eager, loving and brave efforts to realize those aspirations, success may not be theirs. They may plant or plan; others will harvest. So here. Death began to levy toll on the Covington clergy. That devoted diocese where, humanly speaking, not one laborer could be spared, in the short space of three years and seven

months, was called to mourn the death of fifteen priests and one seminarian who was almost ready for ordination. These oft-repeated blows crushed the Bishop's hopes. The mission house was closed, the mission priests recalled to fill the places made vacant by death.

The growth of the established parishes of the diocese has been a most consoling fact; the faithful have their priests, their churches, their schools. These possessions are blessings that call for a large return in unselfishness, unworldliness, warmth, devotion to Holy Church. But the mountain people, through no fault of their own, have never had the opportunity. They have not received the priceless gift of the Faith! "If the things that are done in Thee, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would long ago have done penance in sackcloth and in ashes!" May not this same sentence be passed on many another people because of

that indifference of which our Saviour Himself complained?

Bishop Maes was a worthy successor to the missionaries who planted the Faith in Kentucky, worthy to rank with the saintly Flaget and his brave co-workers of the pioneer days. The same trials they met, he encountered; the same hope that sustained them, he cherished; the same need they so bewailed—the need of priests—he sorrowfully deplored. But in spite of the trials and disappointments that met his fondest hopes, he did build many churches, quite a few of which are in the mountain country. His desire was "to dot the mountains with churches."

"In a little mining town called Gatliff there were a few Irish and Italian Catholics. * * * With the help of Church extension and of good personal friends in Cincinnati, as well as the personal donation from the Bishop, a neat little church was erected, and the Bishop came all the way from Coving-

ton, although hardly back from Europe (1) and in bad health, to bless it. After blessing the church, he preached for more than an hour, explaining the ceremonies of the blessing, as well as the Holy Sacrifice, for the benefit of the Protestants who had come to witness the solemnities. The Bishop was exceedingly happy all day * * * Alas! it was his last visit to his beloved mountain missions!" (2)

In many places where there reigned the darkest ignorance, oftentimes in localities where that sadder thing—indifference—was strongly rooted, he sought to found a home for the Eucharistic King, knowing well that where the Eucharistic Jesus has found footing, the reign of peace must come. No doubt that Eucharistic King could say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

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(1) October, 1914.

(2) Reverend Ambrose Reger, O. S. B., in "The Missionary," July, 1915.

VII.

The Bishop's Solicitude for the Sanctuary.

"Whosoever of you is wise, let him come and make that which the Lord hath commanded: To wit, the tabernacle and the roof thereof, and the cover, the rings * * * and the veil that is drawn before it * * * the vestments that are to be used in the ministry of the sanctuary, the vesture of Aaron, the higher priest, and of his sons, to do the office of priesthood to me.

"And all the multitude of the children of Israel, going out from the presence of Moses, offered first fruits to the Lord with a most ready and devout mind, to make the work of the tabernacle of the testimony. Whatsoever was necessary to the service, and to the holy vestments, both men and women gave bracelets and earrings, rings and tablets: every vessel of gold was set

aside to be offered to the Lord * * * All the children of Israel dedicated voluntary offerings to the Lord" (Exodus, xxxv).

"And he made of violet and purple, scarlet and fine linen, the vestments for Aaron to wear when he ministered in the holy places, as the Lord commanded Moses. So he made an ephod of gold, violet and purple, and scarlet twice dyed, and fine twisted linen. with embroidered work" (Exodus, xxxix).

If, under the Old Dispensation, the furnishings of the tabernacle were prescribed to the minutest details by God Himself, what, we may ask, should be the furnishings for the Tabernacle of the New Law, since the guarded treasures of the Old were but figures of the deathless gift of the New, Emmanuel Himself!

One need that made constant appeal to Bishop Maes was the need of the sanctuary; the shabby, neglected or untidy condition of sanctuary furnishings in the missions and stations of the country caused him a pang,

the poignancy of which never lessened. In one of his many references to this subject he wrote:

"In the early days of the Church in the United States, poor as the churches were—log huts, shacks, what-nots, few, if any, chalices of pewter or brass were to be found. As a rule, the sacred vessel was the property of the priest, and, no matter how scanty his means, he always managed to have a plain silver chalice which he carried from mission to mission. Many an artistic silver chalice is to be found in the older churches of the country with an appropriate inscription commending the European donor to the remembrance of the priest and the people benefited by his liberality. When the Mission Societies of Europe, and more especially the Poor Church Societies of Belgium, began to furnish an Eucharistic trousseau to the many missionary priests who went to devote their lives to the American Missions, they invariably gave the young

priest a solid silver chalice and silver ciborium and pyx. They were small and plain, yet suitable for the Holy Sacrifice in make and material."

Through European generosity, the missionaries were also frequently supplied with necessary vestments, so that the poor churches of the early period were sufficiently equipped to celebrate the sacred functions in a worthy manner, at times even imposingly so.

For some reason or another, the conditions in the mission fields today are different. The cast-off vestments of the more prosperous parishes have been eagerly sought for to do duty, and as it often happens that the greater part of the appurtenances for Holy Mass must be taken by the missionary from one mission to another, we can readily see that even with the most careful handling, their appearance must suffer; that the poor priest who is constrained to use them, knows in his inmost heart that

they are not only unworthy the service of the Altar, but that they actually defeat the end which the Lord God had in view when commanding them: "They shall be for beauty and for glory."

The remedying of this state of affairs in his own diocese was an earnest hope of the Bishop's heart, and its realization came with the formal organization of the Tabernacle Society of the Covington Diocese in 1907. With a charter enrollment of twenty-three, the society has today several hundred members, while the work it has done since its beginning must be a veritable joy to the angels themselves. In his enthusiasm at the organization of this society, the Bishop reserved to himself its spiritual direction, presiding at its quarterly conferences, rejoicing at every contribution given towards the noble undertaking, figuratively speaking, counting every stitch taken.

Referring everything to the love of God, the Bishop was desirous that the good work

done by his Tabernacle Society should be shared by others in need, though the appeals from the diocesan missions were first to be hearkened to. It was good to see his expansive joy when he approved letters of application hailing from Virginia, Alabama, Oklahoma, New Mexico, North Dakota. Oftentimes these appeals were all but compelling in their humility:

"Times are very bad here. The poor coal-diggers work from two to four days—mostly two days * * * Foodstuffs are high, and these people have to look out for themselves and family first. I need so many things for my church here and the missions, but am not able to get them. I am in need of a chalice, a baptismal font, candlesticks, cruets, altar linens, altar cloths, and many other articles."

Another writes: "Is there any chance of getting some vestments for this place from your society? This is a very poor place, only a few families, and these unable to pro-

vide what we need. We do not have a cope nor enough candlesticks for giving Benediction."

From distant North Dakota comes the cry: "O! the poor churches of the Far West! The poor priest must take the necessary articles from mission to mission, and one of them recently told me he has nine missions! It would make your heart bleed to see the poverty-stricken dwellings of our dear Lord! Can you help us? The poor people here make great sacrifices, considering the little they have."

Here a priest writes he has broken his chalice: "Altar stone and chalice got too close in my grip," he says. "Can you help me?" And here is a letter which is eloquent in its simplicity: "We can use anything you send us; we are very poor."

Sometimes it was the Bishop himself who made direct appeal for his beloved mountain missions. He wrote to the president of the society:

"In the beginning of January, 1913, I am going to send a new missionary in the mountain region of the diocese. He is going to break entirely new ground at Jenkins, Letcher county.

"Could you prepare an entire altar trousseau for him by that time? One Chasuble —belongings of every color; white cope; two albs, cords, amices; two surplices; one chalice, one ciborium, and necessary altar linens; one stole, purple and white, for confessional; one white stole, one red one; altar cross and candlesticks, missal and stand, cruets and altar cards. I will supply the altar stone. A light and convenient trunk or bag wherein all these articles could be stowed away and taken along on his travels would be a great convenience. Should there be any of these articles which you cannot supply, kindly let me know before Christmas."

Some day in late spring, or early summer, the Bishop would bless the work of the year, bless the good women who did it and

those whose contributions made that work possible, bless the missions and the people; then, a day or two later, express packages would go forth to many an expectant missionary, spreading good cheer and joy wherever they arrived. Many grateful letters of appreciation and thanks which came pouring in—such humble, hearty, happy letters—bore evidence of the good work the society was accomplishing.

One missionary called together his parishioners to rejoice with him over the contents of that treasure box from Old Kentucky! Another says: "In these small places, where we are struggling with large debts, we pastors are very grateful to the Tabernacle Society, as also to the late Right Reverend Bishop Maes, under whose guidance this society came into being and flourished."

And one whose heart was stirred wrote words that voice the unanimous sentiment of all the missions:

"Allow me to tell you one thing: when a priest goes on a mission and finds in the humble edifice where he is to offer the Sacred Rites such vestments as are tidy and quite becoming for the service and praise of his Master, instead of some pitiful cast-away relics—derelicts, rather—his heart leaps up like a dart of flame during the Holy Sacrifice, up to the very throne of God, to ask with all fervor for blessings manifold and overflowing upon all those whose devoted hands have robed His minister in a manner worthy of Him. This we shall do for you all, and we humbly trust that God will be kind to our prayers."

The perpetual adoration, which is another aim of the society, was, perhaps, even closer to the Bishop's heart than the making of vestments and church linens. It was his earnest hope that young girls, on leaving school, would become active members of the society. On this point the Bishop said: "The work of the Tabernacle Society is a

noble one. It appeals to every heart whose strings are attuned to the voice of the Well Beloved veiled in the golden vase of the Tabernacle. To give some of the time so lavishly spent in the every-day gaieties of the world to our Blessed Lord; to use your deft fingers in making linens for the Divine Body of the Eucharistic Christ; to exercise your artistic skill in embroidering the sacred garments which the priest of God is to wear at the Altar of Divine Sacrifice—these are noble tasks.

"The aim of such an association which, with the work for poor churches, combines perpetual adoration of the God for whom the work is done, is so high that no intelligent Catholic lady of leisure should be able to resist the attraction. And yet, is there one in ten of the young ladies educated in our convent schools enrolled in this association?

"We do not expect those whose duty calls for the performance of daily tasks, to lavish

their precious free time on such a work of supererogation; their time is not their own; it belongs to the dear ones whose wants they supply, or to the duty by which they sustain themselves. Yet many of these, forgetful of self, do give the hour which they might spend in needed recreation to the blessed work; like true lovers of Christ, they find their delight in working for the Beloved. But what of the scores of young ladies whose time is their own?"

The hours of sacramental adoration faithfully kept brought the constant blessings of the Lord upon the work, and year by year the vestments, altar linens, sacred vessels and sanctuary equipment provided by the society grew in number, while the Bishop contributed his part to give to "the doves of the Tabernacle "a little foretaste of the hundredfold. This he did at the quarterly conferences, which were charming, edifying, delightfully intimate and informal. Sometimes he spoke of the great Christian

virtues; sometimes of the beauty of the Church year; sometimes of our Blessed Lady; again, he would take up some topic in the educational world, directing his words to the mothers, making clear the importance of guarding and cherishing the soul of the child; but always he spoke of that concrete love of God, the ever-blessed Sacrament, spoke of it with such simplicity, such luminous faith—he was so truly enamored of Jesus Eucharistic that, leaving the conference, his listeners could say, with the Disciples of Emmaus, "were not our hearts burning within us while He spoke with us in the way?"

The humorous element in affairs appealed to the Bishop, and occasionally he told the most diverting incidents of the mission field. He told of one of his good mission priests who experienced great difficulty in making the rounds of his parish, which covered nine counties! He thought out a plan that would aid him, and wrote to the

Bishop for permission and funds for the putting of his plan into execution. "I can get a fine horse for $150," he enthusiastically wrote. The Bishop immediately answered: "And I can get a good horse for $80." "And," he added as he told the story, "so the missionary got a good horse."

Those who knew the Bishop knew him to be a man of few words, of a rather undemonstrative nature, one who felt things more keenly than he could express. He was not given to wordy praise. Not often did he speak to the society of the satisfaction he felt in its work; but his satisfaction was wholly unmistakable. The interest he took in what was being done, his beaming eyes, the light on his kindly face, gave a more glowing recognition than mere words could ever have done. He was, however, most anxious to keep the intention of all directed to God alone; was anxious that the society as a whole and each individual member should find perfect satisfaction when God

alone was witness of what was being done and how it was done.

Gifts and benefactions made to the society were most deeply appreciated by him; he was grateful for them. But if his pleasure ever attained its most delicate expansion, it was when with name withheld, but intention stated, sacred vessels were donated. Here was a chalice to plead constantly for a loved one not yet of the True Fold; there a ciborium whose Divine Occupant the giver would honor "because He has been good to me"; and that ostensory in a lonely mountain shrine "is to thank God before all the people" because He reclaimed in the very jaws of death a soul that had gone astray, and gave it grace to die in His love. Hidden gifts in a hidden way to the Hidden God of the Eucharist—the way that rejoiced the Bishop's heart, a way so in keeping with his own!

Let us close this sketch with golden words of his own at one of the conferences of nineteen hundred and nine.

"Someone has compared life to a piece of tapestry, the right side turned towards heaven, the back to us. We cannot see the right side; only the stitches we have made show on the back, but in heaven we shall see the design we have worked. So you also see little of the good you are doing in working for the poor churches. The altar linens, vestments, etc., which you sent out last year represent but a tithe of the work you have done. I have seen the effect of your good work in some congregations that I have visited this past year.

"In several congregations the condition of the vestments made them really unworthy of the service of our Blessed Lord. I have in mind four congregations especiallywhere your articles have been sent. They make an impression on the priest, who is glad to have proper vestments for the Divine Service, and he is encouraged to keep the sacristy in better order. Instead of pushing everything together, I found that these new

articles were carefully placed in drawers which in some cases have been provided where before there were none.

"It makes an impression on the people who see the vestments on Sundays and who feel devotion when the altar is properly cared for. Thus you are an encouragement both to priests and to people; the result is, your work is preaching. The priest no longer has to say Mass in rags unworthy of the Service of God; the people take interst and ask if they can do something for the altar. You preach every Sunday in these parishes.

"Let this encourage you in your work, and may it incite others to give of their spare time and come here to sew. Every stitch is eloquent in the way I have just said. By your helping the priest, you are recompensed for the trouble you take in the work. Had you lived at the time of Jesus Christ, you would have considered it the greatest happiness and pleasure to have

made garments for Him. Jesus Christ is in every church today, on every altar of the world. In making vestments for the priest you make them for the same Jesus Christ of nineteen hundred years ago."

VIII.

The Bishop's Views Concerning the Education of the Seminarian and the Religious Teacher.

"To me, a man or woman of education is one who has learned to control his thoughts and passions; who has educated his will according to the laws of reason in conformity with the Law of God and His Church, or, in other words, a man who possesses himself—that is education." So did Bishop Maes express himself at the October conference of the Tabernacle Society, nineteen hundred and nine.

The Bishop was essentially an educator; identified with education in all its phases, he was keenly alert to methods used and was earnest in his efforts that methods which tended to devitalize natural character, or dwarf individuality, should have no place in any scheme of education. These

views actuated him just as consistently in the case of the primary pupil as in that of the seminarian.

We have spoken of the Bishop's broad and embracing affection for his priests, an affection that took root during their seminary course, accompanying them up to the great day when he joyfully engendered them in God, the day of their ordination. He watched solicitously over these "good and bright young men who desire to do what is right when they go to the seminary," desirous that their native powers and endowments be developed to the greatest advantage.

"Seminarians," he said, "are to be trained to habits of study and of thought, to have a mind of their own. A great many of our young men don't seem to know that they must cultivate convictions in their minds. To correct that, the teacher should, for example, make them apply sound principles in correcting the errors of a book which has

been given them for that purpose. Thus the young man must use his own mind.

"We should try to get the habit of study into every student. Bring his attention to the fact that such or such a point of history is not fully understood, and then tempt him to write on it. The great thing is to awaken the mind of the young man. The best professor is the man who can put the boy on his own feet and make him walk. Give the young man some interesting subject, indicate to him the source of information accessible in the seminary library; leave him free to handle the subject as he pleases and to present his own views and conclusions. Thus you will soon have the measure of the man, and find out along what lines his mind and judgment are to be strengthened."

Having so deeply at heart the instilling of this spirit of study, the Bishop was likewise convinced that the progress and the attainments, the first young victories of the seminarians, should win recognition from their

bishops as well as from their professors. Bishop Maes belonged to that noble class of leaders who made virtue more easy and duty more attractive by giving encouragement, even praise, in due season. Thus he said in pleading for the seminarian:

"There is one point which you could perhaps use practically. It is to make the boys write an essay on a given subject and call the attention of the Bishop to the fact that one of his boys has performed such and such a thing, and request the Bishop to write to the boy to encourage him. These things coming with the ordinary mail, it is true, do not always receive the attention that ought to be given to them, but I promise for my part that they shall always be given full attention. When it happens that one of my boys has done well, I let him know it, and when he does not do satisfactory work, I also let him know it. I have spoken to one of my boys severely for not doing as much as he could, although his professors were

fully satisfied with him: I knew he could do better. The result was that he got ninety-five to ninety-seven per cent. in every branch the following year."

As everyone knows, the training school of the seminary is the Christian home, and the great adjunct of the Christian home is the Christian school. Bishop Maes was untiring in his efforts to provide for the Christian education of his diocese. If under his administration "no school, no church," became an almost inflexible rule, he was just as firm in requiring these schools to measure up to the high standard of efficiency in keeping with the ideals of the Church. If he was severe in the requirement of "the Catholic school for the Catholic children," it was because he was jealous "of the faith once delivered to the saints." He was perfectly aware that the public schools of the nation are prepared to do battle worthily on the side of mere intellectual education, but the Bishop could not become reconciled to the

Catholic child's supreme loss in those schools, namely, the loss of sound religious training. No matter what scholarly pre-eminence might be attained, the Bishop always considered the spiritual life as alone capable of satisfying the mind of man.

Bishop Maes strove to obtain for the Catholic schools the best that there is. Physical education was to be well looked to; intellectual development most carefully guarded and stimulated; the spiritual nature refined, ennobled, elevated—such was his idea of the work of the Christian school. Naturally, the best of schools must fail somewhat if home influence, home co-operation be wanting; the Bishop considered the religious teacher as second only to the parents in influencing Christian education, and from this conviction sprang his great zeal in fostering religious vocations and his eagerness in trying to interest pastors and teachers in the same direction. He believed the dearth of religious vocations, so often bewailed in

our time, to be due in a large measure to the changes which the modern spirit has introduced in the home; that the God-given aspiration to the priesthood and to the religious life are just as freely and generously implanted in hearts today as in former times, "but that fathers and mothers are often responsible for the failure of their children to respond to the call of God" because of the lack of home discipline and the worldliness of the parents themselves; that "the boys whom God called to be His priests and the girls who were to be the virgin spouses of Christ are pushed headlong into worldly ways." "What," he asks, "are the mature lives of boys and girls going to be, if before the bloom of beautiful childhood is rubbed off, they are allowed to shirk duty and to share in the exhausting night amusements of the grown-ups?" And the Bishop pleads that parents will educate their children in such a way that God may not "be deprived of those sons whom He

may call to the priesthood, or of daughters whom He marked for his own."

The religious teacher was, therefore, the object of the Bishop's special interest, zeal and fatherly affection. Just how important he considered the influence of such teachers in the fostering of vocations, can be learned from an address which he delivered before the teachers of the Parish School Division of the Catholic Educational Convention in Cincinnati, nineteen hundred and seven.

"The subject of vocations is a very important one, and is worthy of the especial attention and study of every priest. In dealing with vocations to the religious life, a great deal depends on the priest. Indeed, I would place the order of importance and of influence with reference to the religious life, first of all on the priest, next on the teacher and parents.

"But here I am addressing myself especially to teachers. You have a right and duty to foster religious vocations in the

souls of the young. You may sometimes be deterred from encouraging them by the recollection of the difficulties that you yourselves experienced at the beginning of your religious life. Perhaps some of you may be enduring difficulties at an older age, and you may not like to encourage other young people to go through the same difficulties that you had. But in all this you forget that these young people are getting older, and that in time when they become teachers in the schools, they will have broader shoulders and will be able to meet the difficulties quite as well as you have met them, perhaps better, because of the help and counsel you gave them.

"Teaching is a grand vocation, and you religious teachers should do all in your power to cultivate vocations among your pupils. You have the young people under your care at the most impressionable period of their lives, when they are nearest to God and are most susceptible to the inspirations

of grace and to the call to a higher life. If any young people under your charge show any signs of religious vocation, you should do all in your power to cherish and protect it. Foster these chosen souls and surround them with special care. Get them to follow a little rule of life, to say certain prayers in the morning and evening, to make a spiritual reading every day; teach them to make mental prayer, and with all these helps—make them very short and very attractive—along with the grace of God, the children will be sure to follow their vocation.

"There are many difficulties that beset the cultivation of religious vocations. The first great difficulty is the love of independence. This is the special difficulty of modern times. The spirit of independence is in the air. To those infected with this false idea of modern independence, rules and the obligation of vows seem very hard. But let us impress upon the young people that there is no state of life more independent

than the religious life, and no being so independent as the religious who has vowed obedience. Every act of his is just what God wants him to do. Impress upon the young people that to be independent of the cares of the world is real independence, and it is quite different from the slavery of commercial and social life. The religious is one who has found true independence and true liberty.

"The second great difficulty is the love of pleasure. We all love pleasure; it is a natural born instinct in us all; we all want to enjoy things as much as we can, and pleasure is the ruling motive in every vocation. Ask a young nun after ten years' profession whether she is happy in her state of life, and she will surely say she is, and she is, truly so. But ask a woman who has been married ten years whether she is as happy as she would like to be, and you will often hear a tale of woe that may astonish you. If there were a novitiate for the married

state, I am sure that fifty per cent. would leave before the end of it, whilst not one-fourth of that percentage leaves the religious novitiate, although they can do so!

"The religious state is really the happiest state in the world. I am always surprised when I hear the preacher at a religious profession speak about the great sacrifice that the young religious are making in leaving the world; I do not understand it at all. For my part, whenever I speak at such ceremonies, I always speak of the great privilege these young souls have of becoming the spouses of Christ; I never speak of any great sacrifice that they are making; I rather regard it as a great happiness to be called to the religious life. I praise, indeed, the great courage the young people show in thus answering the call of God, but I always tell them they are specially fortunate in their choice of a state of life.

"The good Sisters ought to remember that their state of religious life and their

position as teachers give them a twofold influence over the minds of the school children. I would say to all the good Sisters here, remember that your influence over the children entrusted to your care is very great. The words of warning, of reproof, of encouragement that you have spoken to them in childhood will never be forgotten; they will influence the children at the most critical periods of their lives, and are indelibly stamped upon their memory.

"Be earnest, brave and loyal to your grand vocation. Make the children feel that you love their souls, and that you do so for the honor of God and their own salvation, and every one of you will have the benefit of many a memento at the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass from those whom your self-sacrifice turned away from the world to direct their steps to God's sanctuary, and of many a prayer from the religious you helped to know their vocation."

IX.

The Bishop's Views on the Relation Between Mother and Child.

"Youth wishes to find the man in the educator, the priest; that is, to find in him a heart which appreciates what it loves, and responsive to its generous impulses."

May not these words explain in some measure the influence exerted by Bishop Maes in the educational world? His interest in the education of youth began with the first tentative beginnings in the humblest home, and reached to the end of the university course, thence accompanying the young man or woman out into the broad fields of life, where the value of the Christian education on which the Church so much insists is made manifest.

The Bishop was no friend of a system of education that excludes God, or delays the spiritual training of the child. Convinced that the mother is by right divine the first, the dearest and the best teacher, he im-

pressed on her the great importance, or rather the necessity, of instilling real and practical love of God in the heart of her babe, together with the training of the child to habits of self-control; should the mother neglect these her essential duties, the harm done the child is great, and to a certain extent even irreparable. He urged the mother to talk to her child about God, about Jesus Christ, so that when the young intelligence first takes conscious notice of things, the divine impress of God's care shall have been imprinted on the young heart. Especially would he have the mother accustom the child to realize the presence of God, making it understand that God knows all things. "It is only when the child does wrong, when he sins, that he begins to fear God, or to turn from Him," he said; therefore, thorough religious principles from the very beginning will prove the best safeguard for the innocence of the child.

But it was particularly on the duty of helping the child to form right habits that the Bishop was urgent with the mothers; and on that difficult point in the education of children he never ceased to plead that proper encouragement be given the child. "Give the child a good word when he has done well, and impress upon him that God is pleased with him because he has made an effort," was one of his favorite principles. He went into the most careful instructions to show how the germs of all the passions being present in the young heart, the care required for the proper training and curbing of those propensities lies often almost wholly in the mother's hands. "There are children of eighteen months," he once declared, "who even at that age know when they do wrong; the mother can make them understand that."

He looked upon punishment as a secondary means of education, to be used only after other means had failed. "When there

has been an outburst of petty passion, the child must be made to feel and to know that he has done wrong; he will not be able to understand it by scolding or punishment; the right way to correct him is to talk to him quietly. If, however, punishment must be administered, do it from exalted motives, not from passion. Ordinarily, the child responds to a heart-to-heart talk, for the supernatural is easy to the unspoiled.

The Bishop deplored the action of those parents and grown-ups who laugh at the passionate and unruly outbursts of children and comment upon them as evidences of character; he always regretted when the intellectual gifts of children were made the topic of conversation, or subject of remark in the presence of children; he insistently cautioned parents to look to their own conduct, so that their example might not undo the effect of excellent precepts. "In practice," he said, "the most difficult and at the same time the most effective educational

means for the formation of good habits is the giving of good example; but that is the way to train children to practical Catholicity."

But, as in our day, the child enters school at a tender age, it is a recognized fact that the religious teacher shares with the mother the responsibility of the primary education of children; to her, the Bishop's words of wise counsel were never wanting. "You have the children under your care from earliest childhood," he said; "after the third or fourth year the soul of the child is purely Catholic, and the little heart is only too ready to attach itself to you and to God also, if you lead it in the right way. He looked upon the rights of childhood as very real, and he would not, for any consideration, have its faith, or its sense of justice, be shocked by any fault of the teacher. Children of strong and wilful natures have their own peculiar temptation, but the same faults that call for correction in them

are often to be found in the weak and timid child; the root is different, and the Bishop wished that each child be studied, the sources of his faults traced, and that method of correction adopted which the individual nature of the child required.

With the same moral end in view, the Bishop desired that, no matter how large the children in class or school, the individual be never lost sight of, and with Christ-like solicitude he had in view especially the ungifted child, the "child that is different." To one of his teachers he once said: "Be careful of the soul of the poor child. Other children have that which recommends them to our attention, or to our affectionate interest, but the poor, ungifted child! O, never neglect it, for wrapped in its innermost soul are such great capabilities for the love of God that the greatest saint would pale were those hidden possibilities developed."

Previous to the change in admitting children to Holy Communion at an early age, the Bishop made the First Communion Day an occasion of earnestly recommending parents to allow their boys and girls to continue in school, and of most affectionately urging the children to be faithful to weekly Holy Communion. On these occasions he always spoke with such great fatherliness, such simplicity, that it was a treat to hear his beautiful words and many a mother who found the round of her duties exacting enough and the weight of life's burden sufficiently heavy, came year after year, though she had no child in the class, "to gather cheer and courage for the next year," as one of their number expressed it.

"The first impression is ever a lasting one," he said on one First Communion Day, "and I hope, my dear children, that you are going to prepare yourselves, Sunday after Sunday, for Holy Communion as you have done for today; you cannot have

all the time to prepare for each Communion that you have had for this First, but as you grow from childhood to manhood or womanhood always prepare well, and never receive Jesus Christ with indifference or coldness of heart. Life is not worth living unless you live for our Blessed Lord God. We may not always hear Him, we may not always be impressed with that sensible devotion, but it is not necessary * * * The will of God is to work in our souls; He has done all He can for us. What have we to do? It is for us to correspond to His designs.

"People of the world say we must enjoy the world * * * the joys of the world leave nothing but bitterness and weariness. But the joys of God are lasting and perfect, and in tasting them we begin to be convinced that we are made for Him. And if you love God, my dear children, you will love father and mother. I want you to live in that love for father and mother. I have noticed that when children go astray it is because they

have ceased to love father and mother. Persevere in that love unto the end and you will always be happy, but if you cease to persevere in it you will cease to be happy and misery will begin for you."

No matter how responsive the heart, or how well disposed the will of the child at the age of thirteen or fourteen, experience shows that those who leave school at that age are exposed to great dangers and allurements for which they are unprepared because their training is incomplete. It was the Bishop's prayer that parents do their utmost to give their children a few years' schooling beyond that age, if they could possibly do so. He wrote of this in his pastoral of nineteen hundred and eight.

"After First Communion, parents who can afford it, even if at the cost of onerous pecuniary sacrifices, should give an opportunity to their children to continue their studies. Better leave them at your death the benefits of a thorough Catholic educa-

tion, without a cent of money, than thousands of dollars without such an education. * * * Remember, my dear friends, that in pleading for a college course for your boys, for an academic curriculum for your girls, I have in view not only the fostering of vocations to the priesthood or religious life, but more especially the formation of the character of your children, the education of the heart. Our young people lack willpower because they are not sufficiently acquainted with the principles of faith and morality. Sad experience teaches us that many perish in the quicksands of indifference and immorality because they have not been sufficiently trained to withstand the assaults of unprincipled men and women without faith. If your children cannot cope with the allurements of a frivolous, nay, of a sinful life in the world, it is because you gave them no opportunity to become intellectually and morally strong enough to hold out against it."

X.

What the Bishop Thought of the Education of the Girl.

From whatever angle the education of girls be viewed, it is always the subject of the deepest concern to the Catholic educator; to Bishop Maes it was a subject fraught with perennial interest, a subject of vital importance.

If the Catholic woman would but grasp the significance of her influence, if she would but see that in her hands lie immense opportunities for leavening the social mass, many a rampant evil of the day might be adequately coped with, remedies applied, and the whole fabric of society be made more wholesome, sane and Christian. If the Catholic woman does not go to the extremes of the irreligious woman in her quest of pleasure, the sad truth remains that often enough she reflects but

little credit on her Church or her faith by the easy attitude she assumes on essential duties. If her education be but partial or superficial, not much can be hoped for; but Bishop Maes wished it to be thorough, especially on its spiritual side.

Convinced as he was that true, real education is of the heart, he could not but deplore the fashion of thrusting school girls into worldly society, the introducing them into the world of artificial pleasure. In that surpassingly beautiful appeal to parents, his pastoral letter of nineteen hundred and eight, the Bishop says:

"Where today is the girl of fourteen who has yet to experience the excitement of a first party? You may say that it is not criminal for parents to procure such enjoyments for their young children, and, precluding the occasion of sin, you may be right in your contention. But, tell me, are the plastic minds of the children proof against such allurements? Have they any

ambition to learn, to acquire knowledge after that? Is not their impressionable brain far more busy about the next round of pleasure than about the success of their school work? Will spiritual life influence the young heart, impressionable as wax, when the fire of the senses has melted the necessary safeguard of its not yet understood longings?"

Now, it was just the maintaining of "the safeguard of the not understood longings" of youth that prompted his zealous, fatherly interest not only in the curriculum, but in the methods as well, in the very atmosphere of the school. "The right way to manage your school," he wrote to one of his teachers, "is by personal influence; no harshness, no scolding. Make religion charming to your girls. Treat them always with great kindness, confidence and love. Whatever you cannot do by kindness with them, better not attempt at all."

He indicated faults of character in girls that called for the most careful treatment: lack of respect for authority, discontent, secretiveness. Of the first he said that it "often argues a coarse thread in the fibre," and he suggested that the teacher try to see things from the girl's point of view so as to make the correction convincing; as to the discontented character, the teacher should make every effort to find the spring of the evil, which will often be found to be pure selfishness, and to combat it with a flexible firmness, a strengthening of the moral and religious principles; while the secretive soul he would have met with persistent frankness, cordial confidence and unaffected kindness.

To aid in the development of her mental powers, especially her judgment, the Bishop favored the study of philosophy for girls; he desired that literature also receive much attention in their education, "because so much else can be taught at the same time."

But before all, and above all, he wished them to have a thorough knowledge of religion and of the history of the Church. He wished the Catholic girl, the Catholic woman, to be guided by principle, and act according to principle, not acording to impulse or emotion; to be able to face the difficulties of life in a manly frame of mind, to accept defeat in the real Christian spirit. He would have her of such piety, such spirituality, "that whatever is opposed to the Law of God she will not do."

As effective aids to this great end, the Bishop counseled prayer, the frequentation of the sacraments, ardent devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. "Prayer," he would say, "is the normal atmosphere for a soul in the grace of God, the soul of a pure girl. Think of the confidence a daughter has in her mother; she confides everything to her; her affections are as true as can be. So with the pure soul in its relations with God; as long as the soul is attached to God, it goes

to Him straight with the trust of a child. But our human nature is of itself a burden, and we need the help of the sacraments, notably of two, the sacrament of reconciliation and the sacrament of union with Jesus Christ."

He wished that the most real and a constantly affectionate attitude of heart and soul be encouraged with regard to the ever-blessed Sacrament; that the realization of the Divine Presence lead to frequent and faithful visits to the Prisoner of Love; that the girl learn to take there her joys and sorrows, her hopes and fears, her successes and failures; in a word, that the Eucharistic Jesus be a living, actual Presence in her daily life. And because the heart of a young girl is so responsive, Bishop Maes wished her teacher to strive earnestly to make herself worthy of the trust reposed in her.

"I would wish a characteristic of my episcopacy to be that our Catholic girls are loyal to the teachings of their Alma Mater,"

he once wrote. The school years are soon over; wishing the girls to remain united in sentiment and affection with their teachers, the Bishop cautioned the latter never to be singular or stiff with them, but to be interested in all they do, so that these girls might always feel they have a friend in their old teacher, and in after days come back freely and confidingly for counsel and admonition.

As to their conforming to the demands of social life, our beloved Bishop had no objections; he was perfectly willing that Catholic girls grace their social position, but he did wish it done in a Catholic way, and not at the expense of religious principle or maidenly reserve. He was eager that a thorough horror of the worldly spirit be implanted in a girl's heart—that a hateful spirit of turning to God when the world does not tempt, and forsaking Him as soon as its smiles, its honors or its wiles attract. Explaining this, he said: "Let God be th

soul's magnet, not the world. What will it avail you to shine in society, to attract admiration, to glory in your conquests, to have many admirers, to be quick at repartee, to enjoy conversations but little edifying, to be looked upon as learned and witty? God demands of you deeds of charity, mortification of self, good example!"

He wished that from the beginning the confidence of the girl be directed to her spiritual guide, that she manifest her inclinations to him and consult him in all matters pertaining to spiritual life. "Nothingismorenecessary than a spiritual guide." he wrote. "'Ask thy father, and he will declare to thee: thy elders, and they will tell thee.' Who undertakes an unknown journey without a guide? who learns a difficult art or trade without a master?"

He was so fatherly, so tender, so saintlike in his solicitude for the soul of a girl! To one of his teachers he gave the most minute directions as to their training, espe-

cially for the time when, school days passed, they share in the pleasures of the world. He wished them to be so formed that God would never have to yield place to anyone or anything. Thus, he suggested that they be instructed never to postpone their night prayers until their return from social functions, but to give God the first part of the evening; to perform their usual devotions before going out, before wearied by the strain of the evening; then, on returning, "a little examen on the day and the evening, an act of contrition for all shortcomings, and at least one verse of the Imitation before they retire with God's blessing upon them."

Bishop Maes had no sympathy with the flaunting of negative results before the young; he desired that the positive side of virtue, the positive side of spiritual loveliness be always presented to them: "Tell them of beautiful, pure women who were social leaders, social reformers, and yet so

pious; show them the beauty of purity, of self-respect, of self-command."

On one sole subject did he wish the negative side strongly emphasized. "Always and everywhere combat the mixed marriage; tell your girls simply they are not to keep company with non-Catholics."

Looking over the broad field of influences most likely to affect the moral soundness of the Catholic girl, the Bishop distinguished as the most disastrous, worldly amusements which so often aim deadly blows at the whole spiritual edifice; non-Catholic company, because of the danger to the faith; and reading. The Bishop wished a girl's whole training directed towards opposing these evil influences; for then, living true to the sacramental spirit of the Church, she finds in her spiritual guide a powerful means to her perseverance, while her adhesion to his counsel will make her strong against her own weakness.

This holy and able director considered reading an even greater danger to a girl than company, because the effects are wrought out in the silence of the soul. "Let light reading be most sparingly indulged in," he said; "the novels of high-wrought pictures of human passions must be conscientiously avoided because they instil pride of intellect, or the spirit of licentiousness, while they advocate false or pernicious principles and lead to the loss of relish for prayer and of maidenly reserve." As to their reading of newspapers, the Bishop wished that girls would not read them at all, or as little as possible; and when one protested that she "wanted to know what is going on in the world," the Bishop quietly answered: "so did Eve."

He would have a girl so frank, so confiding, so simple, pure and conscientious, that the mere appearance of evil be quite sufficient to deter her either from amusements that might blight, or from reading

that could hurt; and he thought the lesson had been well impressed when the girl took counsel of her teacher, or better still, of her spiritual guide as to the books, or the book she wished to read.

To those who in the prudence of the flesh may object to the training of a girl in so careful and guarded a manner, particularly in these degenerate days when the crudest creatures do not hesitate to fling before her matter that cannot fail of defiling the very well-springs of her heart, we may answer in the Bishop's own words:

"No doubt most children are called to a life in the world and to enter the state of matrimony. But who will dare claim that a youth of innocence and purity is not the best preparation for a state of life which God Himself has called holy? Is not such a preparation to Christian endeavor the best guarantee to goodness of life and of fidelity to duty in the married state? And is not a thorough understanding of religion, and the

daily practice of it, a necessity for those who assume the responsibility of raising children, and of the many other burdensome duties of the married state?"

XI.

The Bishop's Views on a Boy's Education.

The Bishop was yet more deeply interested in the education of the boy; for him, he wished the best possible intellectual development. Believing that to no nation of the human family are given so many opportunities for working out a destiny as to the American, he was also profoundly convinced that none other offers such advantages, both spiritual and temporal, to the Catholic man.

The Bishop was actively and eagerly interested in the Catholic man, keenly sympathetic to the ambitions and ideals of the Catholic young man, to whom he looked for good and great things in the arena of life. He wanted a virile, sturdy, forceful manhood in the Catholic laity; men of clear-cut principles, of unimpeachable morality,

whose love for their Church should be made evident by their faithful practice of its doctrines, and by their noble and generous obedience to its divinely constituted authority. The Bishop knew perfectly well that to possess such a forceful manhood there must be the forceful, patient training through all the years that precede maturity; he was quite sure that if the poet's words, "the child is father to the man," are ever true, they reach their ultimate application in the case of the Catholic man.

Hence the interest the Bishop felt and evinced in the primary education of boys; hence the earnestness with which he pleaded that parents give their boys a college course even "if at the price of onerous sacrifices;" hence, again, the burning zeal that actuated him in all that referred to university work, and the energetic efforts he constantly made to bring the layman to the fore in advancing the cause of God in the face of the evil agencies at work against religion.

The Bishop traced with his facile pen contrasting pictures of the Catholic-bred man and the one who is the product of the irreligious system of our day.

On the one hand we see the mother whom the Church has prepared for her responsibilities, taking her rightful, her queenly place in the sanctuary of the home. She teaches her child to fold his hands in prayer both at morning and evening; she familiarizes his ears with holy names, beautiful stories of the great God who once became a tiny Boy; his eyes fall upon pictures and surroundings to which the religious instincts of his young soul respond. She takes him to church, she teaches him to pray and to love Jesus in the Tabernacle. She watches over his moral awakening with a jealous care, and trims with a steady hand the shooting sprigs of pride, bad temper, curiosity. She keeps the father in close intimacy with the son, and together they shield him from the coarse environment of

the world. "She keeps the boy a child as long as she can; no premature prodigies, with all the vices of men and none of their virtues, are found in the true Catholic home," the Bishop emphatically declared. "They send him to a school where God is uppermost both to teacher and pupils.

"We concede that children learn well in the public schools, still I do not think they learn more than in our Catholic schools. We want to give our children as much instruction as we can, but not all possible instruction. Facts prove that the greatest crimes are committed by men of great minds; they would not have been so wicked had they not been so enlightened. The important thing is to develop the morality of the child; consequently we have to train his soul first, and then his intellect." And the one lesson that is most assiduously insisted upon in the true Catholic home is the lesson of sacrifice.

In contrast with this pleasing picture, the Bishop sketches the "pagan method" of these modern days in the upbringing of the boy. "Parents caring more for the pleasures of life than for its responsibilities, leave the child to his whims and fancies. They will train a colt, but they leave their boy to himself. They allow him to seize unchecked whatever he pleases; they shield him against the cold of winter, and leave him unprotected against the blasts of human experience. At home there is neither prayer nor a religious atmosphere. Sent to schools without God, free to read everything, and to wander where he wills, we see the boy at the threshold of real life with emotions blunted, the sentiment of life vulgarized or dead; prematurely shriveled specimens of humanity before the bloom of youth is attained—and 'the child is father to the man!'"

The Bishop was proud of the Catholic boy, the Catholic young man who, in spite

of the attractions of the secular institutions of learning, cling to those of their own Church. It gave him a fearless sort of hope as he looked to the future. "Error," he said, "no longer gives the learned clergy the opportunities to refute its illogical reasonings and sweep away its sarcastic denials. Nowadays, with smiling lips and trifling jest, it stalks into the parlor, the office, the counting-room. To the laity, therefore, belongs the opportunity and the honor of fighting it on its own chosen ground."

The Bishop wanted fearless Catholic men—men who, knowing their religion, have also the courage of conviction; young mental athletes who in single-hand combat will put the dogmas of their Faith in the right light, explain them to those whose education has prejudiced their minds, and defend them with the logic of the philosopher and the ability of the scholar against the merrymaking infidel. But, as above the power of argument, ranks always the

potency of example, the Bishop had nothing more deeply at heart than that Catholic men be faithful to the practice of their religion. "That which wins for the Catholic the contempt of the worldling is the profession of religion which, alas! so often goes with its non-practice. Be true to your convictions, and you will secure the respect of the community. I do not mean that you will not be reviled; the sense and self-respect of some people are so blunted that to be misrepresented by such becomes an honor. But you will secure the respect of all those whose good opinion is worth the having; the respect, though it be hidden, of the respectable people of the community."

Yet more: the Bishop wished Catholic men to be superior to human respect; he was certain that there is often demanded of them a constancy that requires more courage than the far-famed courage of the battle-field. "Few, if any, Americans have

ever had the infamy of cowardice attached to them in military life" he once said, "but, alas! how many moral cowards in civil life! Men untrue to their duties because they have not the courage to do right! They are afraid of their surroundings instead of dominating them."

A united laity, a real fellowship of interests among Catholic men, was one of the most ardent hopes of the Bishop's heart. That which apealed to him so strongly in the various Catholic organizations was the bringing together of all our young men who, though differing in parentage, social position, culture and education, meet on the common ground of religion. "The educated young men soon learn to value the good common sense, the excellent judgment of many a young tradesman or laborer who did not enjoy his opportunities for learning, but who makes up in sturdy qualities of mind and heart for the lack of greater knowledge. Under the genial influence of

such company the workingman gives up all attempts to belittle or to envy those who have acquired the polish of education. Honest and brave as all our young men are at the blessed age of twenty, they soon appreciate one another, forget all differences of birth or tongue to become fast friends. And who can tell the beneficial results of these early friendships founded on truth and mutual appreciation?"

The Bishop's broad and deep charity for all men is made clear by the pastoral letter of eighteen hundred and ninety-seven, on "Conversions to the True Faith." It is a practical, but at the same time an eminently spiritual appeal, to the laity to be ready to help by word and example the great body of honest non-Catholics "who are constantly worrying about religion because they have no secure standard by which to judge the truth, or to ascertain if they possess it." But the Bishop was explicit: Those who engage in this charitable work "must not force re-

ligious topics upon the attention of their non-Catholic friends. Even though the interests of the soul are second to none, opportunities will abound. There are more Catholics who systematically avoid religious controversy than Protestants who dislike it; more Protestants who court such subjects than Catholics ready to discuss them."

The pastoral letter of nineteen hundred and eight, on which we have so frequently drawn, is a real gem; its reading would prove an inspiration to many a mother, many a father, and it repays repeated and most careful study.

As an expression of his faith and belief in united lay effort, we may cite the pastoral letter of nineteen hundred and eleven on the Society of the Holy Name. The Bishop hailed with enthusiasm the spread of this great society, being, as it is, the one society of purely spiritual ideals. After briefly reviewing the rise and progress of the society, the Bishop points out that the supernat-

ural is an unknown region to the thousands who know not Jesus, having not the slightest idea of His divinity; hence the duty of the Catholic man to bear public testimony to his unshaken hope in God and of loyal love for His Holy Name. "Public appearance as members of the Holy Name Society becomes a great act of faith," he told them, and it was his annual joy in the more recent years to preside at the Holy Name Rally.

On his return from Europe in nineteen hundred and fourteen, where in Belgium he had witnessed scenes that tore his heart with anguish, Bishop Maes, alert as of old to the call of his men, met them at the rally at Bellevue. Surely many a man who bared his head on that September afternoon and greeted with vociferous applause the venerable and loved Bishop as he rose to greet them, will long remember that slow but deepening smile, that rise of the old-time enthusiasm when, in answer to the prolonged ovation, the Bishop realized that his

men were cheering him, wishing him health and joy and offering their expansive congratulations that through all the terrors that surrounded him, through all the dangers that beset his way, through the sorrows that afflicted him and those so dear to him, he had come back to his very own, his dear people of Kentucky! And may his men remember him long in their faithful, honest, sincere prayers, for even from his eternal home he must yet look down in fatherly pride on his brave Catholic men!

XII.

Bishop Maes' Love for the Blessed Sacrament.

Within a month after his return from Europe, nineteen hundred and fourteen, Bishop Maes officiated at a jubilee celebration in his diocese. His appearance at the altar that morning will never be forgotten by those who had the privilege of seeing him.

Vested in golden chasuble of the ample Roman style, the Bishop a little thinner and paler than of old, with the distinguishable stamp of suffering impressed on the outer man, began the Mass. We remember how at all times it was easy to follow the Bishop's Mass, so clear was his voice, so distinct his enunciation; but that October morning it was different: not only did you follow, you accompanied him—there was no need of book! He was attended by one

of his priests, who, after Holy Communion, replaced the Ciborium in the Tabernacle. Moving slightly from the middle of the altar, the Bishop knelt and bowed down his venerable white head to rest it on his hands, which were clasped on the altar. Only a few moments were required, and the Tabernacle was closed. That kneeling figure made a perfect picture of holy faith and strong love—the act of humble adoration to Jesus in the Divine Sacrament—a sight that was as touching and beautiful as any one might ever desire to see, suggestive as it was alike of "that disciple whom Jesus loved," and of that other whom Jesus trusted, the Blessed Peter.

Our Bishop has been called by someone the "Bishop of the Blessed Sacrament," just as the saintly Pius X is often called the Pope of the Blessed Sacrament. Certainly, to think of Bishop Maes recalls at once the Holy Eucharist, for it was the treasure of his life, the frequent theme of his discourse

and sermon, the propagation of its devotion his lifelong ambition—its marvelous teachings his guide amid the varied activities of his entire career. It would, perhaps, be difficult to recall any sermon, instruction or spiritual talk he ever gave, or even a passing word of counsel or encouragement, that did not, first or last, direct his hearer's attention to the Most Blessed Sacrament. His was that wide, deep, strong, personal love of Jesus Christ—that clear, piercing faith that transcends material things, seeing in the Eucharistic species that self-same Jesus who concealed Himself at Emmaus and made Himself known "in the breaking of the bread."

It was always a grief to the Bishop that, comparatively speaking, so few attend Mass on week days; he fully appreciated the fact that home duties and the demands of business are exacting, but he felt convinced that if people took as much trouble to hear Mass daily as they do to meet engagements mate-

rially beneficial to them, that the churches would be crowded and the world filled with happier, sweeter and better people. He said:

"Thank God, few are the careless Catholics who neglect to assist at the Holy Sacrifice of Mass on Sundays. This, the highest act of the Christian religion, is appreciated at its true value" * * * "but it is surprising to me that so few attend daily Mass. Of course, you have your household duties to care for, still I think you could manage to go to Mass from time to time on week days. Mass is the renewal of the Sacrifice of Calvary. The half hour given to assisting at it daily will prove to be the golden half hour of the day, such an impression it will make upon your soul."

No more beautiful words ever fell from his lips than those when, in a course of instruction on the Holy Mass, he sketched the Mass of the Catacombs, the days of the early Church. Commenting upon the un-

rest, the unhappiness abroad in the world today, the Bishop showed how the root of all the evils lies in the fact that men have turned from God; that the sorrows and trials of their life are bitter and maddening, not because they are suffering, but because they are suffering apart from God. The life of the early Christians was a prolonged martyrdom. Persecuted, slandered, suspected by the pagans, for three hundred years they lived in the Catacombs, a hidden and despised people. But they had with them God's Supreme Gift, the Holy Eucharist; they had the daily Sacrifice of the Mass, and daily they received the Body of the Lord. Naturally, they hid from the pagans their priceless Gift—thus showing their belief in Its Divinity—since had it been mere bread and wine they need not have made such a secret about It. And It was their daily food; hence, their happiness, their union of heart and mind, their constancy under all trials, their heroism

even unto death, and the final triumph of their religion.

"Happy age," said the Bishop in conclusion, "when Christians felt and professed their common brotherhood, and could be pointed out by the Gentiles with the remark, 'See how they love one another!' Whence sprang that warmth of union and love? From Holy Communion, the Eucharist being their daily bread!"

Always an advocate of frequent Communion, the Decree of Pius X on Daily Communion met with the immediate and complete response of Bishop Maes. By pastoral, sermon, instruction and conference; in church and in school; in confessional and in private interviews, the Bishop never lost an opportunity for forwarding the prescriptions of the immortal "Sacra Tridentina Synodus." He patiently met the objectors against the Communion of children, and just as patiently reasoned with those who, educated under the "old regime,"

still persisted in adhering to the erroneous principle of reverence through fear.

"Were we to consider only the holiness of God and our own sinfulness," he said, "the dignity of God present in the Holy Eucharist, and the weakness and waywardness of man who receives Holy Communion, we would certainly be tempted to fall down at Jesus' feet, like St. Peter, saying: 'Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord!' But when we consider why Jesus Christ instituted the Holy Eucharist, when we remember that He came for the benefit of sinners and not for the just, when we recall His positive command to 'eat and drink,' and His threat, 'unless you eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, you shall have no life in you,' we may be astounded at the stupendous miracle, dumfounded at God's mercy and humility, just as the Apostles were, but like them, we must be true to the Master and say, 'Lord, to

whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life'" (St. John, vi, 69).

That modern expression of the faith and loyalty of the clergy and laity to Jesus, who is so little known and so poorly honored in His Sacrament, namely, the Eucharistic Congress, met with the Bishop's hearty co-operation. By force of example, by earnest words, by appeal through circular and press, he threw the whole weight of his personal influence and authority in favor of whatever tended to exalt the Blessed Sacrament. Whenever he could do so, he took part in the International Eucharistic Congresses, and, as we know, was President of the American Congresses and presided over them. He was present at one of the earlier Eucharistic Congresses in Spain; at the International Congresses of Metz, 1907; of Montreal, 1910; of Vienna, 1912, and of Lourdes, 1914.

Chosen to represent the American Hierarchy at the Grand Congress of Metz in

1907, Bishop Maes was accorded a high place of honor, second to the right of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne. The enthusiasm that prevailed at this Congress was marvelous; in the very heart of the romantic Alsace-Lorraine, where Catholic faith dates from the very earliest days of Christianity, the laity vied with the clergy in attendance and zeal. Our beloved Bishop was greeted with rapturous applause whenever and wherever he appeared. Every day he addressed some section of the Congress, and he was invariably given an ovation when he addressed the laity. The secret of his popularity lay in the simple, affectionate style of his discourse, in those instructions that sprang directly from his heart, all enamored of the Gift of God; in the words of burning faith, ardent charity, of inspiring, helpful and practical spirituality. He knew how to adapt his discourse to the mind of his audience. His arguments for daily Holy Com-

munion were irresistible; his advice to the people: "Do not spare your priests; go to Confession; keep them in the Confessional; go to the Holy Communion until their arms drop through weariness;" such and similar encouragement awoke a stirring response in the strong-hearted Catholic people, and they never permitted any opportunity to escape, in their effort to testify publicly their appreciation of "the American Bishop," as he was generally called.

Returning to America, his first work was that in which he was so well at home. The Fourth Eucharistic Congress of America convened at Pittsburgh, October 15th, and the Bishop went there before returning to his own diocese. The keynote of his opening address was of the zeal that would bring home to the laity "the godly gifts of grace which Christ has placed within the Sacrament of His Love."

At a reception tendered him within his diocese a few weeks later, the Bishop spoke

entertainingly of his interview with the saintly Pontiff, Pius X. "We have been told what a kind old man he is, that sorrow's burden and the weight of his labors have marked his features. With these impressions I walked up the steps where the guard stood in waiting to remind me that I was in the presence of His Holiness. But as I came into his presence I was not struck by the sorrow of his eyes, nor the grief of his heart: what struck me was his strength! I was in the presence of a strong man!"

The Bishop told how they sat "elbow to elbow as I told him of our work in America, the schools of the diocese, and he took a special interest in it all. 'Bless them all for me; tell them to be true to God and His Church. Tell your young people to go to Holy Communion as often as they can, even daily,' such was the Pope's message to you all." Then, closing his remarks in the way quite natural to him, the Bishop said: "Let us all look to Jesus for all that is good. The

oftener you come into contact with Jesus Christ, the truer and better you will become. Holy Communion will make you noble, true to God and to yourself."

To the hearing of Mass and frequent Communion, the Bishop urged a third great duty in regard to the Blessed Sacrament. That reproach of St. John's, "There hath stood one in the midst of you Whom you know not," made of him an apostle in his zeal to further devotion to the Blessed Sacrament. "Why," he cried out, "does Christ live day and night in the Tabernacle in the Sacrament of His Love? To be at your disposal! Why does He hide His Divinity and veil His Sacred Humanity? That you may go to Him with less fear and more confidence, remembering that He annihilates Himself out of love for you."

"When on your way to work at early dawn, if you cannot tarry long enough to enjoy the blessing of assisting at Holy Mass, do not deny yourself the graces and Jesus

the consolation of a short morning greeting to Him. Step into the church for a few minutes; tell Him that you love Him; that out of love for Him you are going to do your daily task; that out of love for Him you will avoid every thought, word or act that might displease Him, and ask Him to bless your resolutions and make them efficacious. And when the day is spent, when in obedience to the decree of God you have 'earned your bread in the sweat of your brow,' before you go home to enjoy its peaceful life and the well-earned rest, call again at the church and converse a few moments with the God of your heart. You never tire of the company of loved ones; your true friends become dearer to you as you know them better by frequent meetings. Visit our dear Lord often, and He will grow upon you; you will feel His presence, your insensibility to grace will disappear, the love of Jesus Christ will influence you and come home to you; Jesus will become

your dearest friend, and the moments you will spend at the foot of the altar will be daily glimpses of heavenly light. * * * My God! what a useful, pure and noble life we will lead when we know Thee thus intimately!"

And then that lonely complaint from the broken heart of Jesus, "Couldst thou not watch one hour with Me?" never lost any of its pathos to our beloved Bishop. O! the many churches, and the few worshipers! Must Jesus remain there alone in the midst of His very own? Should we not make it a duty to visit Him often, to remain there even day and night? And because for the multitude this is not possible, the Bishop rejoiced in the fact that in convents He is rarely left alone, and comforted himself with the hope that the prayers and praise there offered to the Eucharistic King brought grace and blessings to us all.

"The love of Jesus in the Eucharist animates the Dominican Sisters of the Blessed

Sacrament, the Poor Clares, the Carmelites, who relieve one another in never-ending adoration. Think of convents five hundred years old where the Blessed Sacrament has never been left alone!"

To see Bishop Maes before the Blessed Sacrament was a prayer; it was to realize what he understood by the oft-repeated words, "our dear Lord in the Sacrament of His Love." One who knew and appreciated the Bishop says: "The Bishop building his stately cathedral, the pastor gathering his flock to feed them on the words of infallible truth; the confessor tactfully opening the wounds of sin to heal them forever; the pleader for the Hidden Christ of the Eucharist—there let us pause, for his attitude before the altar of God is the highest, holiest picture in our memory of this great man" (1).

Perhaps to some on whom rests the weary burden of life, to some who, though their

(1) M. Pellen in "The Missionary," August, 1915.

need be ever so great, have nothing to say to the Lonely Prisoner of the Tabernacle, these beautiful words of our Bishop may bring some light, impart some devotion, give some incitement to visit the Blessed Sacrament, there to plead for the graces so gravely needed and yet so little understood —and to whisper a little prayer for the eternal welfare of the soul of the Third Bishop of Covington:

"You find time for temporal business, for useless visits, for calls that are dangerous, for hours of uncharitable conversation, hours of dangerous reading; time for theater and amusements—you find time for everything, but you never think of visiting Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. 'Solius Dei impatientes,' as Tertullian says.

" 'What shall I do?' say you. Have you no heart? Have you no troubles, no difficulties, no trials? And who but Jesus can so efficaciously help you? Hear Him invite you: 'Come to Me all you that labor

and are burdened, and I will refresh you.'

"Pride of intellect rebels against the mysteries of Faith, revolts against the darkness of the understanding, and threatens to rob you of your faith. Come to Jesus Eucharistic; a flood of light will be poured into your mind; He will confirm you in the Faith.

"Duties of position seem to conflict, to make it impossible to live up to your duties of Christian, and you are tempted to forego the latter. You cannot keep up in business without temptations of injustice. Come to Jesus; He will teach you how to act.

"Your passions assert their power over your will; you almost despair of overcoming them; you daily fall into sin. Come to Jesus; acknowledge your weakness; He will strengthen you.

"The sorrows of life gnaw at your heart, embittering domestic life. Come to Jesus; He will give you the balm of consolation.

"New Monicas, you who deplore the irreligion of husband, the bad conduct of

your boy. Come to Jesus; He will hear you.

"Sickness, misfortune follow you through life. Come to Jesus; He will make you understand the mystery of the Cross, He will save you from despair.

"With what joy you would have followed Jesus when on earth! He is more to you now, more of God in the Holy Eucharist, than He was then; hence, visit Him often at Mass, Holy Communion, in visits to the Blessed Sacrament!"

XIII.

His Religious Virtues.

"You know that from the first day that I came * * *, in what manner I have been with you, for all the time, serving the Lord with all humility, and with tears, and temptations which befell me * * * ; how I have kept back nothing that was profitable to you, but have preached it to you, and taught you publicly * * *

"And now behold I know that all you, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more * * * Therefore, watch, keeping in memory that for three years I ceased not with tears to admonish everyone of you night and day * * * I have not coveted any man's silver, gold or apparel, as you yourselves know * * * I have shewed you all things, how that so laboring you ought to support the weak, and to remember the word of the

Lord Jesus, how he said: 'It is a more blessed thing to give rather than to receive.'

"And when he had said these things, kneeling down, he prayed with them all. And there was much weeping among them all; and, falling on the neck of Paul, they kissed him, being grieved most of all for the word which he had said that they should see his face no more" (Acts, xx).

Thus did that incomparable Bishop, the great Saint Paul, take leave of his dear Ephesians; there is a touching similarity between it and the farewell of our dear Bishop Maes.

A sorrowful truth underlies the words of a cynical philosopher that we never rightly judge one another; in life, we are prone to magnify faults, and in the presence of death we can see only virtues, so that the progress of life is a series of sufferings, varying only in intensity and sharpness. And perhaps it is better so, for the sufferings of life bring out the noblest traits and chisel the soul of

a man into perfected likeness to the God-Man.

But, thank God, our eyes are not always blinded! Here and there we meet with heroic characters, strong souls, the mere coming into whose presence is an elevation, a sort of purification. With them we, too, become great of spirit; unworthy limitations we outstep; in such a presence we are always at our best. Such certainly was St. Paul, and such also, though in a minor degree, was the Bishop who, claiming the great Apostle as his patron, emulated his zeal and virtues.

There are those who have said that the Bishop was stern and reserved. In one sense he was. Where is the man who is in earnest that is not so? As Bishop, he could permit no compromise in matters of religion, or of the sacred ministry. If he exacted every jot and tittle of the Law, if he was severe in requiring every matter pertaining to God or His holy service, it was not from hard-

heartedness, nor from despotic tendencies, but rather from that lofty spirituality of character, that high and pure affectionateness of his soul that made him desire that his priests be blameless, true beacon lights to illumine the path and attract the wayfarer to the upward climb.

"The Priest," he once said, "is the representative of the Bishop. Burdened with the responsibility of the whole diocese, the Bishop, more than anyone else, understands the value of the self-sacrifice of the priest's life; it is to him that he looks for the harvest of souls which he hopes to be able to present to the Eternal Shepherd when he is called upon to give an account of his stewardship. Do you wonder, therefore, that the Bishop's peace of heart and joy of soul depend on the earnestness and zeal of every priest to whom he has confided part of his solicitude?"

He, stern and reserved?

In a funeral oration pronounced over a brother-bishop and his own dear friend, Bishop Maes once touched upon this very point.

"What is a bishop? The bishop is one who has to attend to the flock and to make operative the grace that is in him. The bishop is the spiritual progenitor of the priest. Without him, the ministry of religion would die out, as St. Paul said: 'You may have thousands to minister to you, but you have but few fathers.'

"The bishop is the natural defender of the rights of the Church; hence, it will happen that he causes suffering to the individual in order to secure the salvation of many. Anxious to safeguard the good name of sinners; accountable only to God and His representative, the Pope, for his actions, the bishop is constantly cited before the bar of public opinion where he cannot defend himself. Were he to justify his conduct at the expense of the guilty, he would be ac-

cused of breach of confidence and abuse of power.

"Is it surprising if sometimes the bishop is misunderstood?

"He sacrifices natural inclinations to the restraint of duty, which makes men in authority enforce the law, and makes us forget the sympathizing heart of the individual. The ruling bishop hides from the gaze of the world the commiserating priestly heart that throbs in his breast, the kindness of which is usually poured out on the guilty one when alone with him. The ruler can show commiseration with the weakness of men."

There were mistakes Bishop Maes could never make, faults he could never commit! He never quenched the smoking flax, nor bruised the broken reed! "He never set the meaner thing in its narrow accomplishment above the nobler in its mighty progress," never withheld his approbation, nor his admiration for efforts towards excellence be-

cause those efforts were mingled with rough faults! He was a man "full of understanding for the needs, and weaknesses, and efforts of others, and we best measure a man's greatness by the generosity of his sympathy." He had the gift of heart, the gift that a Saint has declared to be a great gift of God!

Closely allied with this gift is the virtue that makes of a man a saint. O! the beautiful humility of Bishop Maes! He saw God in all things, and all things in God; and the graces of heart and endowments of mind that he knew he possessed, he saw in their true light, as gifts loaned him by God for the welfare of souls. Hence, the gentleness, the benignity of his character; hence, again, that charming simplicity that permitted him to accept praise, approval, laudation, and enabled him so ingeniously to turn it all from himself back to God.

It is at a moment when a man's soul is deeply stirred that his true, his real spirit

discloses itself. On one such occasion the humility of Bishop Maes was seen in its radiant beauty.

A reception tendered him at the time of his episcopal jubilee was so devised that all the labors and achievements of the twenty-five years were made to converge towards one point—his life's devotion to the Holy Eucharist. Some thirty of his clergy were grouped about the Bishop on this occasion. From the first note down to the final chord, the happiness and emotion of the Bishop were evident and were shared by his priests. Handel's superb chorus, "Holy art Thou," closed the program. Slowly the Bishop arose, and the hush that followed that wonderful song was broken by his voice, which wavered, vibrating with feeling.

"My dear children, the last words of your song make the most fitting ending for all our works—'Glory to God!'

"I thank you with all the love and affec-

tion to which a human heart can give expression!

"On occasions like this we must sit and listen and take all that is said in the spirit of our Lord Jesus Christ. I accept it all. You have spoken of the works of my ministry, but you saw only the golden leaves in the bright sunshine, you did not see the shadows or the shortcomings!

"I take all you have given me and hand it over to the priests of my diocese! They have stood by me from the beginning. They deserve the credit you have given me, for without them my work would have been in vain.

"You have given me a proof of what you do here, and now the important thing for you is to try to remember what it all means. The lesson drawn from all this is that the life of a priest is a hard life, a life of self-sacrifice, but it is made sweet by the fulfilment of the duties of his ministry. There-

fore, you must pray that we do our duty well in the ministry."

One of the Bishop's characteristics was an infectious cheerfulness. He had a real talent for discerning the humorous side to every happening, a talent that enabled him often to impress the most serious lessons in a gay and care-free manner. Acclaimed once as

> "The man who turns his clouds about,
> And always wears them wrong side out
> To see the lining,"

betrayed the Bishop into a little personal remark: "I can't say much for myself, but I believe I may say I have always been cheerful."

But the royal virtue of Bishop Maes was his absolute love of the Divine Will, his complete resignation to that Will in whatever way it was manifested. No matter how distressing, or how perplexing occurrences might be, the Bishop never worried; he saw everything "in the light of God's blessed

Will," and this lesson he inculcated as constantly as he practiced it faithfully.

It was this virtue that added such force to his words and counsels. He never spoke platitudes; he shared fully and deeply the sorrows that were imparted to him; he saw afflictions with the eyes of the real sufferer, and his words were just such words as fitted that peculiar and special grief that was confidingly shared with him. "I am with you in the sorrow of your loss," he wrote to one who mourned; the sentiment there expressed gives truly the attitude of his Christ-like soul toward all forms of suffering.

Those who knew best the mighty kindliness and affection of the Bishop's heart feared to find on his last return from Europe, September, 1914 the old sprightly enthusiasm, his hearty optimism gone; but when he was with us again we noted no such loss. He was told that misgivings had been entertained on this score. His answer

was just what might have been expected of Bishop Maes.

"Coming from scenes of misery and bloodshed, you have, perhaps, imagined that I was much afflicted and broken down with sorrow and anxiety, but I humbly confess I have not suffered much. Love of country, love of our own is natural; it is quite lawful to love them, but this love must always be subordinate to the love of God. I take it this way: though we have our natural feelings, yet we must ever be mindful of the grace of the priesthood. By that, we have consecrated our heart with its affections to God; we belong primarily and solely to God. We must put all things aside for God, become more and more detached, but always more attached to God.

"Such has been my principle during my stay in Europe—not to be disturbed by the events transpiring about me, but to keep perfect self-control. 'Worrywill not change matters. Put yourself in the hands of God

and you will be secure. You will be in no danger, and no matter what happens, even if death should come, it will be for the best, for your own good.' Such were my words to my relatives when we were driven from our homes.

"I am thankful to be at home again, more thankful than ever, and that is the way I intend to start in again. All for God, and next to God for souls. No thought of self, but giving all for God and for others!"

But, alas! the dead weight of sorrow was on his bright spirit, none the less, and physical suffering was on the increase, though our eyes were held, and we saw it so faintly!

XIV.

His Last Lesson to Us All.

Bishop Maes lived close to God; his thoughts were never far from God and heaven; simply, naturally, he spoke of God as our Father, and of Heaven as our Home. He was asked once what was his conception of heaven; without a moment's hesitation, he replied: "Home, with God our Father and our Blessed Mother Mary." When asked how he reconciled the ideas of Father and Home with the eternity of hell, the Bishop replied: "The eternity of hell is in keeping with the Fatherhood and the mercy of God. Many non-Catholics reject belief in hell because their idea of its torments is in keeping with the cruelties of human life.

"If a son, in spite of the pleadings of father and mother, leaves a home where he has been happy and good and goes to the

Far West to become a miner, a cowboy, or whatever else, falls from his good estate, remains away from home, and finally dies there, could any one blame either father or mother? So in the same way with the poor sinner; he makes his own choice, and hell is the staying away, the loss of the home-life forever!"

The joy of living, of working for God and of helping others to come closer to God, kept the Bishop's heart young; he remained "a perfect embodiment of episcopal grace and dignity," his commanding figure retaining the majesty of its prime, his step, its elasticity—and Death lay there in the shadow! We had thought his sun still far from its setting, and even then it dipped low on the horizon!

Death, they tell us, is but a mirror of life—that as a man lives, so he dies.

Short was to be the Bishop's stay among us after his return from blood-stained Europe, but that brief time was characterized

by the same intense life, the same hard work that had marked all the years that had gone before.

We recall that April, 1915, strayed in from the summer, a month of great beauty, and unusually warm. The sun shone so brightly, all nature awoke so thoroughly, new life was so vivid and stirred so actively on all sides! The Bishop began his busy season of confirmation and commencement tours with work that delighted his soul—the dedication of new schools.

There was the beautiful new school—Holy Cross School, Latonia, Covington, Ky.—and thither went the Bishop on Easter Monday to solemnly bless it, though he had not preached on the yesterday, as was his wont, in his Cathedral. A week later, with increasing pleasure, he went to dedicate the splendid new school of the Sacred Heart at Bellevue, and to confirm a class at new St. Bernard's Church at Dayton, Kentucky. Ah! St. Bernard's new church! The Bishop

had urged it forward, and had hoped to dedicate it before he went abroad the preceding spring, but it was not ready. He had said to its pastor: "Do not wait; just as soon as it is ready, have it blessed and come to it." On his return from Europe he had not had time to visit it, except in passing; but on that April 11th he gladdened the heart of the pastor by saying spontaneously, "I shall come very soon to see it all; it is so beautiful."

There was yet a third school, and the day had been set for its dedication—the little mountain Academy at Corbin, Kentucky—to which he had smilingly consented that his name be given. That was to be May 19th, and every detail down to the very train he would take had been arranged. Yes; there was much joy for the Bishop that early spring! New schools brought a pleasure that nothing else could.

Then the silver jubilee of the Catholic University summoned the Bishop to Wash-

ington, and he hastened there to grace by his presence, alas! for the last time, the great institution in which he took so proud an interest and with which he was so intimately identified.

The quarterly conference of the Tabernacle Society claimed him on the 20th of April; he chose for his subject, 'The Blessed Sacrament."

On the twenty-fifth he began his Confirmation tour, and with a happy heart administered that sacrament to large classes of children in the populous parishes of The Mother of God and St. Aloysius, in Covington, Kentucky.

Mary's month, where we expect to find only sunshine and flowers, came in bleak and cold. On the second, he confirmed large classes both at Corpus Christi Church and at St. Stephen's, in Newport, Kentucky. He spoke, too, in his dear old way to the children and their parents; but the Bishop's voice was weak, it could scarcely be heard

—and, strangely enough, few thought it unusual. How many of all his people who loved him realized that the Bishop was very ill?

The thirtieth anniversary of his predecessor, good Bishop Toebbe, was observed on the fourth, and the indefatigable Bishop pontificated at the Requiem Mass. It was a bleak and cheerless day, and but few were present at this Mass. This fact depressed Bishop Maes. Had he not the preceding October, over the graves of his predecessors, most pathetically appealed to his people: "Remember your prelates who have spoken to you the Word of God!" To a caller that Tuesday he remarked: "When I am gone, I hope my people will remember me and pray for me."

Then followed a week of suffering, but the Bishop saw callers and attended in part, at least, to his usual business routine work. He was ill, indeed, when he could be dissuaded from attending to his confessional,

so when on the Thursday before the first Friday, and again on the following Saturday, that confessional was empty, then we knew that our Father was exceedingly sick!

Sunday morning, though suffering much, he rose as usual to offer the Divine Sacrifice in his private chapel. How he could do it, how he could stand through that Mass remains God's secret. Until then it was not known that his life was so soon to close. A few hours later his faithful secretary, Father Gorey, told the Bishop the sad truth that he had but one chance in a thousand. The Bishop was astonished. "What!" he exclaimed, and then instantly added, "God's will be done!" It was deemed better that he go to the hospital; his acquiescence was immediate and cheerful. He arose, gave the necessary directions as to his affairs; all his personal earthly concerns were arranged in a quarter of an hour. Unassisted, he walked to the automobile, and, entering it, was rapidly conveyed to St. Elizabeth's

Hospital. The ride was a severe strain, and it was a weary, broken old man who alighted from the car, and, declining proffered aid, walked with a feeble step into the Hospital, too sick to speak, but smiling a recognition to the Sisters who pressed forward to meet him.

There in the quiet and beautiful room, "his room," the room about which he had looked with pleased eyes as he noted its chaste and religious setting, when but a few months before, the new hospital finished, he had been invited to inspect it. Then he had said: "Beautiful room from which to go to heaven!" Even so! Before noon that Sunday he was there, and at four in the afternoon he was told that his last chance was gone, that he had but a short time to live.

Surprised again was the beloved Bishop, but he was ready. "God's will be done! I wish to see no one, but to be alone with God. Tell my best friends to pray for me; espe-

cially have the children in school pray for me."

"Being grieved most of all for that word he had said that they should see his face no more."

He was laying down his commission; only a child now in his Heavenly Father's keeping, whatever remained to him of time belonged by divine right to that Father and his own soul.

All day the sun had struggled to send bright shafts of light on the walls of the room where he lay, and in close union with God he spent Monday, his last day on earth, perfect peace about him, while physical pain had ceased. In the evening he received the Holy Viaticum, for the beloved Bishop was entering into the great shadow and he needed the Light on his way. The joy of his Master's Presence, the sweet consciousness of duty done, the absolute resignation to his Heavenly Father's will, overflowed from the Bishop's heart in those

beautiful words: "This has been a quiet, peaceful, restful day; I feel that I have done good work; I am ready to go home."

There were messages still for the loved ones in far-off Belgium and England; blessings for his priests, his people, his diocese. That spiritual charm of his personality that in life "had made his presence a constant influence, a peculiar grace," the sweetness that had made everyone love him, radiated from that holy death-bed like a benediction.

With the beads of the Blessed Sacrament slipping quietly through his fingers, his eyes resting lovingly on the crucifix, perfectly conscious, not a sigh or a tremor to trouble the serenity of his kind and gentle soul, our beloved Father went, as we trust, to that Blessed Home to be with "Jesus Christ yesterday, today, and the same forever," in

> "Joy past compare, gladness unutterable,
> Imperishable life and peace and love;
> Exhaustless riches and immeasurable bliss."

His mortal remains lie buried in the site chosen by himself, side to side with the

other shepherds who preceded him in the Covington Diocese; and there, standing at his grave, unwilling to depart, it seems as if I heard him saying in the words of St. Paul:

"Therefore watch, keeping in memory that for thirty years I ceased not, with tears, to admonish every one of you night and day. And now I commend you to God, and to the word of His grace, Who is able to build up and to give an inheritance among all the sanctified" (Acts, xx, 31-32).

EPILOGUE.

The writer has done. It was a task of love and gratitude. Allow still the following words of Newman to be placed on the lips of Right Reverend Bishop Maes:

"O kind and affectionate hearts. O loving friends, should you know any one whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you; if he has ever told you what you know about yourself, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there is a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you, or opened a way to the inquiring or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take an interest in him; remember such a one in time to come, though you hear him not, and pray for him!"

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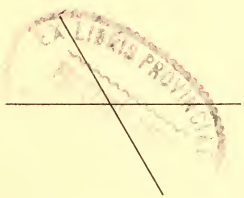

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